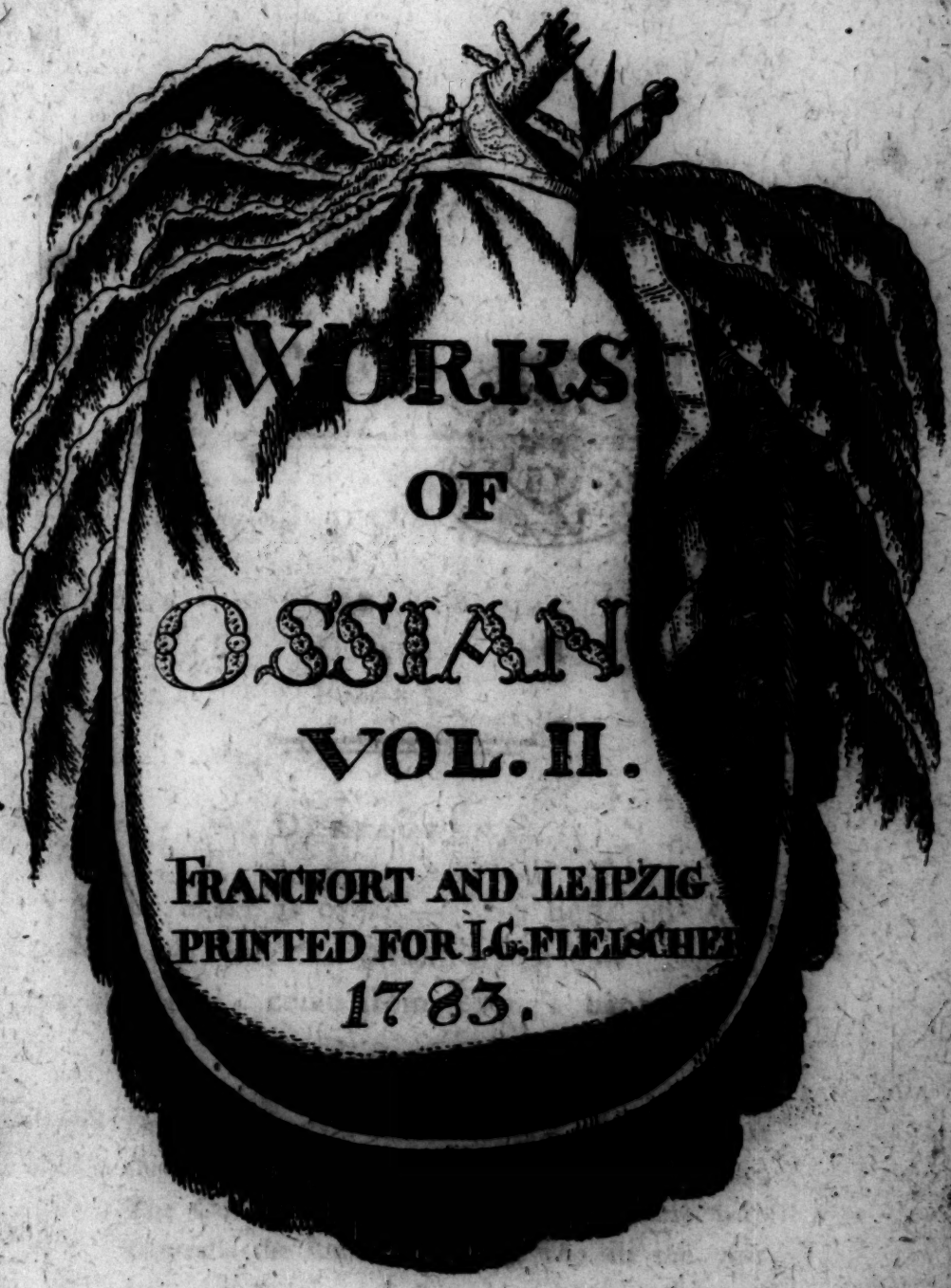
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COMALA:

A

DRAMATIC POEM *).

THE PERSONS.

FINGAL.	MELILCOMA,	daughters
HIDALLAN.	DERSAGRENA,	of Morni.
COMALA.	BARDS.	

DERSAGRENA.

The chace is over. — No noiſe on Ardven, but the torrent's roar! — Daughter of Morni, come from Crona's banks. Lay down

*) This poem is valuable on account of the light, it throws on the antiquity of Oſſian's compoſitions. The Caracul mentioned here is the ſame with Caracalla the ſon of Severus, who in the year

down the bow, and take the harp. Let the night come on with ſongs, and our joy be great on Ardven.

MELIL.

211 commanded an expedition againſt the Caledonians. — The variety of the meaſure ſhews, that the poem was originally ſet to muſic, and perhaps preſented before the chiefs upon ſolemn occaſions. — Tradition has handed down the ſtory more complete, than it is in the poem. — "Comala, the daughter of Sarno king of Iniſtore or Orkney iſlands, fell in love with Fingal the ſon of Comhal, at a feaſt, to which her father had invited him, [Fingal, B. III.] upon his return from Lochlin, after the death of Agandecca. Her paſſion was ſo violent, that ſhe followed him, diſguiſed like a youth, who wanted to be employed in his wars. She was ſoon diſcovered by Hidallan the ſon of Lamor, one of Fingal's heroes, whoſe love ſhe had ſlighted ſome time before. — Her romantic paſſion and beauty recommended her ſo much to the king, that he had reſolved to make her his wife; when news was brought him of Caracul's expedition. He marched to ſtop the progreſs of the enemy, and Comala atteended him. —— He left her on a hill, within ſight of Caracul's army, when he himſelf went to battle, having previouſly promiſed,

MELILCOMA *).

And night comes on, thou blue-eyed maid, gray night grows dim along the plain. I ſaw a deer at Crona's ſtream; a moſſy bank he ſeemed through the gloom, but ſoon he bounded away. A meteor played round his branchy horns; and the awful faces **) of other times looked from the clouds of Crona.

DERSAGRENA ***).

Theſe are the ſigns of Fingal's death. —— The king of ſhields is fallen! —— and Caracul prevails. Riſe, Comala ****), from thy rocks; daughter of Sarno, riſe in tears. The youth of thy love is low, and his ghoſt is already on our hills.

MELIL-

miſed, if he ſurvived, to return that night." The ſequel of the ſtory may be gathered from the poem itſelf.

*) Melilcoma, — *ſoft-rolling eye.*

**) *Apparent diræ facies, inimicaque Trojæ*
Numina magna deûm. VIRG.
—— dreadful ſounds I hear,
And the dire forms of hoſtile gods appear.
DRYDEN.

***) Derſagrena, *the brightneſs of a ſun-beam.*

****) Comala, *the maid of the pleaſant brow.*

MELILCOMA.

There Comala ſits forlorn! two gray dogs near ſhake their rough ears, and catch the flying breeze. Her red cheek reſts on her arm, and the mountain-wind is in her hair. She turns her blue-rolling eyes towards the fields of his promiſe. —— Where art thou, o Fingal, for the night is gathering around?

COMALA.

O CARUN *) of the ſtreams! why do I behold thy waters rolling in blood? Has the noiſe of the battle been heard on thy banks; and ſleeps the king of Morven? —— Riſe, moon, thou daughter of the ſky! look from between thy clouds, that I may behold the light

*) Carun or Cara'on, *a winding river.* — This river retains ſtill the name of Carron, and falls into the Forth, ſome miles to the North of Falkirk.

—— Gentesque alias cum pelleret armis
Sedibus, aut victas vilem ſervaret in uſum
Servitii, hic contenta ſuos defendere fines
Roma ſecurigeris praetendit moenia Scotis:
Hic ſpe progreſſus poſita, Caronis ad undam
Terminus Auſonii ſignat divortia regni.

BUCHANAN.

light of his ſteel, on the field, of his promiſe. — Or rather let the meteor, that lights our departed fathers through the night, come, with its red light, to ſhew me the way to my fallen hero. Who will defend me from ſorrow? Who from the love of Hidallan? Long ſhall Comala look, before ſhe can behold Fingal in the midſt of his hoſt; bright as the beam of the morning in the cloud of an early ſhower.

HIDALLAN.

Roll, thou miſt of gloomy Crona, roll on the path of the hunter. Hide his ſteps from mine eyes, and let me remember my friend no more. The bands of battle are ſcattered, and no crowding ſteps are round the noiſe of his ſteel. O Carun, roll thy ſtreams of blood, for the chief of the people fell.

COMA-

*) Hidallan was ſent by Fingal, to give notice to Comala of his return; he, to revenge himſelf on her, for ſlighting his love ſome time before, told her that the king was killed in battle. He even pretended that he carried his body from the field, to be buried in her preſence; and this circumſtance makes it probable, that the poem was preſented of old.

COMALA.

Who fell on Carun's graſſy banks, ſon of the cloudy night? Was he white as the ſnow of Ardven? Blooming as the bow of the ſhower? Was his hair like the miſt of the hill, ſoft and curling in the day of the ſun? Was he like the thunder of heaven in battle? Fleet as the roe of the deſart?

HIDALLAN.

O that I might behold his love, fair-leaning from her rock! Her red eye dim in tears, and her bluſhing cheek half-hid in her locks! Blow, thou gentle breeze, and lift the heavy locks of the maid, that I may behold her white arm, and lovely cheek of her ſorrow!

COMALA.

And is the ſon of Comhal fallen, chief of the mournful tale? The thunder rolls on the hill! —— The lightening flies on wings of fire! But they frighten not Comala; for her Fingal fell. Say, chief of the mournful tale, fell the breaker of ſhields?

HIDALLAN.

The nations are ſcattered on their hills; for they ſhall hear the voice of the chief no more.

COMA-

COMALA.

Confuſion purſue thee over thy plains; and deſtruction overtake thee, thou king of the world. Few be thy ſteps to thy grave; and let one virgin mourn thee. Let her be, like Comala, tearful in the days of her youth. — Why haſt thou told me, Hidallan, that my hero fell? I might have hoped a little while his return, and have thought I ſaw him on the diſtant rock; a tree might have deceived me with his appearance; and the wind of the hill been the ſound of his horn in mine ear. O that I were on the banks of Carun! that my tears might be warm on his cheek!

HIDALLAN.

He lies not on the banks of Carun: on Ardven heroes raiſe his tomb. Look on them, o moon, from thy clouds; be thy beam bright on his breaſt, that Comala may behold him in the light of his armour.

COMALA.

Stop, ye ſons of the grave, till I behold my love. He left me at the chace alone. I knew not, that he went to war. He ſaid, he would return with the night; and the king of Morven is returned. Why didſt thou not tell

me, that he would fall, o trembling ſon of the rock *)! Thou haſt ſeen him in the blood of his youth, but thou didſt not tell Comala!

MELILCOMA.

What ſound is that on Ardven? Who is that bright in the vale? Who comes like the ſtrength of rivers, when their crowded waters glitter to the moon?

COMALA.

Who is it but the foe of Comala, the ſon of the king of the world! Ghoſt of Fingal! do thou, from thy cloud, direct Comala's bow. Let him fall like the hart of the deſart. —— It is Fingal in the crowd of his ghoſts. —— Why doſt thou come, my love, to frighten and pleaſe my ſoul?

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye bards of the ſong, the wars of the ſtreamy Carun. Caracul has fled from my arms

*) By *ſon of the rock* ſhe means a druid. It is probable, that ſome of the order of the druids remained as late as the beginning of the reign of Fingal; and that Comala had conſulted one of them, concerning the event of the war with Caracul.

arms along the fields of his pride. He ſets far diſtant, like a meteor that incloſes a ſpirit of night, when the winds dri e it over the heath, and the dark woods are gleaming around.

I heard a voice like the breeze of my hills. Is it the huntreſs of Galmal, the white-handed daughter of Sarno? Look from thy rocks *), my love; and let me hear the voice of Comala.

COMALA.

Take me to the cave of thy reſt, o lovely ſon of death! ——

FINGAL.

Come to the cave of my reſt. —— The ſtorm is over **), and the ſun is on our fields. Come to the cave of my reſt, huntreſs of ecchoing Cona.

COMALA.

He is returned with his fame; I feel the right hand of his battles. —— But I muſt reſt

*) O my dove, *that art* in the clefts of the rock, in the ſecret *places* of the ſtairs, let me ſee thy countenance, let me hear thy voice.

SOLOMON'S Song.

**) The winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone.

SOLOMON'S Song.

reſt beſide the rock, till my ſoul ſettles from fear. —— Let the harp be near; and raiſe the ſong, ye daughters of Morni.

DERSAGRENA.

Comala has ſlain three deer on Ardven, and the fire aſcends on the rock; go to the feaſt of Comala, king of the woody Morven!

FINGAL.

Raiſe, ye ſons of ſong, the wars of the ſtreamy Carun; that my white-handed maid may rejoice: while I behold the feaſt of my love.

BARDS.

Roll, ſtreamy Carun, roll in joy; the ſons of battle fled. The ſteed is not ſeen on our fields; and the wings *) of their pride ſpread in other lands. The ſun will now riſe in peace, and the ſhadows deſcend in joy. The voice of the chace will be heard; and the ſhields hang in the hall. Our delight will be in the war of the ocean, and our hands be red in the blood of Lochlin. Roll, ſtreamy Carun, roll in joy, the ſons of battle fled.

MELIL-

*) Perhaps the poet alludes to the Roman eagle.

MELILCOMA.

Deſcend, ye light miſts from high; ye moon-beams, lift her ſoul. —— Pale lies the maid at the rock! Comala is no more!

FINGAL.

Is the daughter of Sarno dead; the white-boſomed maid of my love? Meet me, Comala, on my heaths, when I ſit alone at the ſtreams of my hills.

HIDALLAN.

Ceaſed the voice of the huntreſs of Galmal? Why did I trouble the ſoul of the maid? When ſhall I ſee thee, with joy, in the chace of the dark-brown hinds?

FINGAL.

Youth of the gloomy brow! no more ſhalt thou feaſt in my halls. Thou ſhalt not purſue my chace, and my foes ſhall not fall by thy ſword *). —— Lead me to the place of her reſt, that I may behold her beauty. —— Pale ſhe lies at the rock, and the cold winds lift her hair. Her bow-ſtring ſounds in the blaſt,

*) The ſequel of the ſtory of Hidallan is introduced, as an epiſode, in the poem which immediately follows in this collection.

blaſt, and her arrow was broken in her fall. Raiſe the praiſe of the daughter of Sarno, and give her name to the wind of the hills.

BARDS.

See! meteors roll around the maid; and moon-beams lift her ſoul! Around her, from their clouds, bend the awful faces of her fathers; Sarno *) of the gloomy brow; and the red-rolling eyes of Fidallan. When ſhall thy white hand ariſe, and thy voice be heard on our rocks? The maids ſhall ſeek thee on the heath, but they will not find thee. Thou ſhalt come, at times, to their dreams, and ſettle peace in their ſoul. Thy voice ſhall remain in their ears **), and they ſhall think with joy on the dreams of their reſt. Meteors roll around the maid, and moon-beams lift her ſoul!

*) Sarno the father of Comala died ſoon after the flight of his daughter. —— Fidallan was the firſt king that reigned in Inistore.

**) The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he a while
Thought him ſtill ſpeaking, ſtill ſtood fix'd to hear.
MILTON.

THE

THE WAR OF CAROS *): A POEM.

Bring, daughter of Toſcar, bring the harp; the light of the ſong riſes in Oſſian's ſoul. It is like the field, when darkneſs covers the hills around, and the ſhadow grows ſlowly on the plain of the ſun.

I be-

*) Caros is probably the noted uſurper Carauſius, by birth a Menapian, who aſſumed the purple in the year 284; and, ſeizing on Britain, defeated the emperor Maximian Herculius in ſeveral naval engagements, which gives propriety to his being called in this poem *the king of ſhips*. — He repaired Agricola's wall, in order to obſtruct the incurſions of the Caledonians; and when he was employed in that work, it appears he was attacked by a party under the command of Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian. This battle is the foundation of the preſent poem, which is addreſſed to Malvina the daughter of Toſcar.

I behold my ſon, o Malvina, near the moſſy rock of Crona *); but it is the miſt **) of the deſart tinged with the beam of the weſt. Lovely is the miſt that aſſumes the form of Oſcar! turn from it, ye winds, when ye roar on the ſide of Ardven.

Who comes towards my ſon, with the murmur of a ſong? His ſtaff is in his hand, his gray hair looſe on the wind. Surly joy lightens his face; and he often looks back to Caros. It is Ryno ***) of the ſong, he that went to view the foe.

What does Caros king of ſhips? ſaid the ſon of the now mournful Oſſian: ſpreads he the wings ****) of his pride, bard of the times of old?

He

*) Crona is the name of a ſmall ſtream, which runs into the Carron. On its banks is the ſcene of the preceding dramatic poem.

**) Who *is* this that cometh out of the wilderneſs, like pillars of ſmoke? SOLOMON'S Song.

***) Ryno is often mentioned in the ancient poetry. —— He ſeems to have been a bard of the firſt rank, in the days of Fingal.

****) The Roman eagle.

He ſpreads them, Oſcar, replied the bard, but it is behind his gathered heap *). He looks over his ſtones with fear, and beholds thee terrible, as the ghoſt of night that rolls the wave to his ſhips.

Go, thou firſt of my bards, ſays Oſcar, and take the ſpear of Fingal. Fix a flame on its point, and ſhake it to the winds of heaven. Bid him, in ſongs, to advance, and leave the rolling of his wave. Tell to Caros, that I long for battle; and that my bow is weary of the chace of Cona. Tell him, the mighty are not here; and that my arm is young.

He went with the ſound of his ſong. Oscar reared his voice on high. It reached his heroes on Ardven, like the noiſe of a cave **); when the ſea of Togorma rolls before it; and its trees meet the roaring winds. —— They gather round my ſon, like the ſtreams of the hill; when, after rain, they roll in the pride of their courſe.

Ryno came to the mighty Caros, and ſtruck his flaming ſpear. Come to the battle of

*) Agricola's wall which Carauſius repaired.

**) —— As when the hollow rocks retain
The ſound of bluſtering winds. — MILTON.

of Oſcar, o thou that ſitteſt on the rolling of waters. Fingal is diſtant far; he hears the ſongs of his bards in Morven: and the wind of his hall is in his hair. His terrible ſpear is at his ſide; and his ſhield that is like that darkened moon. Come to the battle of Oſcar; the hero is alone.

He came not over the ſtreamy Carun *); the bard returned with his ſong. Gray night grows dim on Crona. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. A hundred oaks burn to the wind, and faint light gleams over the heath. The ghoſts of Ardven paſs through the beam, and ſhew their dim and diſtant forms. Comala **) is half unſeen on her meteor; and Hidallan is ſullen and dim, like darkened moon behind the miſt of night.

Why art thou ſad? ſaid Ryno; for he alone beheld the chief. Why art thou ſad, Hidallan, haſt thou not received thy fame? The

*) The river Carron.

**) This is the ſcene of Comala's death, which is the ſubject of the dramatic poem. —— The poet mentions her in this place, in order to introduce the ſequel of Hidallan's ſtory, who, on account of her death, had been expelled from the wars of Fingal.

The ſongs of Oſſian have been heard, and thy ghoſt has brightened in the wind, when thou didſt bend from thy cloud, to hear the ſong of Morven's bard.

And do thine eyes behold the hero, ſaid Oſcar, like the dim meteor of night? Say, Ryno, ſay, how fell the chief that was ſo renowned in the days of our fathers? —— His name remains on the rocks of Cona; and I have often ſeen the ſtreams of his hills.

Fingal, replied the bard, had driven Hidallan from his wars. The king's ſoul was ſad for Comala, and his eyes could not behold Hidallan.

Lonely, ſad, along the heath, he ſlowly moved with ſilent ſteps. His arms hang diſordered on his ſide. His hair flies looſe from his helmet. The tear is in his down-caſt eyes; and the ſigh half-ſilent in his breaſt.

Three days he ſtrayed unſeen, alone, before he came to Lamor's halls: the moſſy halls of his fathers, at the ſtream of Balva *). ——

There

*) This is perhaps that ſmall ſtream, ſtill retaining the name of Balva, which runs through the romantic valley of Glentivar in Stirlingſhire. Balva ſignifies *a ſilent ſtream*; and Glentivar, *the ſequeſtered vale*.

There Lamor ſat alone beneath a tree; for he had ſent his people with Hidallan to war. The ſtream ran at his feet, and his gray head reſted on his ſtaff. Sightleſs are his aged eyes. He hums the ſong of other times. —— The noiſe of Hidallan's feet came to his ear: he knew the tread of his ſon.

Is the ſon of Lamor returned; or is it the ſound of his ghoſt? Haſt thou fallen on the banks of Carun, ſon of the aged Lamor? Or, if I hear the ſound of Hidallan's feet; where are the mighty in war? where are my people, Hidallan, that were wont to return with their ecchoing ſhields? —— Have they fallen on the banks of Carun?

No: replied the ſighing youth, the people of Lamor live. They are renowned in battle, my father; but Hidallan is renowned no more. I muſt ſit alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of the battle grows.

But thy fathers never ſat alone, replied the riſing pride of Lamor; they never ſat alone on the banks of Balva, when the roar of battle roſe. —— Doſt thou not behold that tomb? Mine eyes diſcern it not: there reſts the noble Garmállon, who never fled from war. —— Come,

me, thou renowned in battle, he ſays, come to thy father's tomb. —— How am I renowned, Garmállon; for my ſon has fled from war?

King of the ſtreamy Balva! ſaid Hidallan with a ſigh, why doſt thou torment my ſoul? Lamor, I never feared. —— Fingal was ſad for Comala, and denied his wars to Hidallan: Go to the gray ſtreams of thy land, he ſaid, and moulder like a leafleſs oak, which the winds have bent over Balva, never more to grow.

And muſt I hear, Lamor replied, the lonely tread of Hidallan's feet? When thouſands are renowned in battle, ſhall he bend over my gray ſtreams? Spirit of the noble Garmállon! carry Lamor to his place; his eyes are dark; his ſoul is ſad: and his ſon has loſt his fame.

Where, ſaid the youth, ſhall I ſearch for fame, to gladden the ſoul of Lamor? From whence ſhall I return with renown, that the ſound of my arms may be pleaſant in his ear? —— If I go to the chace of hinds, my name will not be heard. —— Lamor will not feel my dogs, with his hands, glad at my arrival from the hill. He will not enquire of his mountains, or of the dark-brown deer of his deſarts.

I muſt fall, ſaid Lamor, like a leafleſs oak: it grew on a rock, but the winds have overturned it. —— My ghoſt will be ſeen on my hills, mournful for my young Hidallan. Will not ye, ye miſts, as ye riſe, hide him from my ſight? —— My ſon! — go to Lamor's hall: there the arms of our fathers hang. —— Bring the ſword of Garmállon; — he took it from a foe.

He went and brought the ſword with all its ſtudded thongs. —— He gave it to his father. The gray-haired hero felt the point with his hand. ——

My ſon! — lead me to Garmállon's tomb: it riſes beſide that ruſtling tree. The long graſs is withered; —— I heard the breeze whiſtling there. —— A little fountain murmurs near, and ſends its water to Balva. There let me reſt; it is noon, and the ſun is on our fields.

He led him to Garmállon's tomb. Lamor pierced the ſide of his ſon. —— They ſleep together; and their ancient halls moulder on Balva's banks. —— Ghoſts are ſeen there at noon: the valley is ſilent, and the people ſhun the place of Lamor.

Mournful is thy tale, ſaid Oſcar, ſon of the times of old! —— My ſoul ſighs for Hidal-

Hidallan; he fell in the days of his youth. He flies on the deſart, and his wandering is in a foreign land. ——

Sons of the ecchoing Morven! draw near to the foes of Fingal. Send the night away in ſongs; and watch the ſtrength of Caros. Oſcar goes to the people of other times; to the ſhades of ſilent Ardven; where his fathers ſit dim in their clouds, and behold the future war. —— And art thou there, Hidallan, like a half-exſtinguiſhed meteor? Come to my light, in thy ſorrow, chief of the roaring Balva!

The heroes move with their ſongs. —— Oſcar ſlowly aſcends the hill. —— The meteors of night are ſetting on the heath before him. A diſtant torrent faintly roars. —— Unfrequent blaſts ruſh through aged oaks. The half-enlightened moon ſinks dim and red behind her hill —— Feeble voices are heard on the heath. —— Oſcar drew his ſword.

Come, ſaid the hero, o ye ghoſts of my fathers! ye that fought againſt the kings of the world! —— Tell me the deeds of future times; and your diſcourſe in your caves; when you talk together, and behold your ſons in the fields of the valiant.

Trenmor came, from his hill, as the voice of his mighty ſon. —— A cloud, like the ſteed of the ſtranger, ſupported his airy limbs. His robe is of the miſt of Lano, that brings death to the people. His ſword is a meteor half-exſtinguiſhed. His face is without form, and dark. He ſighed thrice over the hero: and thrice the winds of the night roared around. Many were his words to Oſcar: but they only came by halves to our ears: they were dark as the tales of other times, before the light of the ſong aroſe. He ſlowly vaniſhed, like a miſt that melts on the ſunny hill.

It was then, o daughter of Toſcar, my ſon begun firſt to be ſad. He foreſaw the fall of his race; and at times, he was thoughtful and dark, like the ſun *) when he carries a cloud on his face; but he looks afterwards on the hills of Cona.

Oſcar paſſed the night among his fathers, gray morning met him on the banks of Carun.

A green vale ſurrounded a tomb, which aroſe in the times of old. Little hills lift their head at a diſtance; and ſtretch their old trees to the wind. The warriors of Caros ſat there, for

*) —— *caput obſcura nitidum ferrugine texit.*
VIRG.

for they had paſſed the ſtream by night. They appeared, like the trunks of aged pines, to the pale light of the morning.

Oſcar ſtood at the tomb, and raiſed thrice his terrible voice. The rocking hills ecchoed around: the ſtarting roes bounded away. And the trembling ghoſts of the dead fled, ſhrieking on their clouds. So terrible was the voice of my ſon, when he called his friends.

A thouſand ſpears roſe around; the people of Caros roſe. —— Why, daughter of Toſcar, why that tear? My ſon, though alone, is brave. Oſcar is like a beam of the ſky; he turns around and the people fall. His hand is like the arm of a ghoſt, when he ſtretches it from a cloud: the reſt of his thin form is unſeen: but the people die in the vale.

My ſon beheld the approach of the foe; and he ſtood in the ſilent darkneſs of his ſtrength. —— "Am I alone, ſaid Oſcar, in the midſt of a thouſand foes? —— Many a ſpear is there! —— many a darkly-rolling eye! —— Shall I fly to Ardven? —— But did my fathers ever fly! —— The mark of their arm is in a thouſand battles. —— Oſcar

too will be renowned. —— Come, ye dim ghoſts of my fathers, and behold my deeds in war! —— I may fall; but I will be renowned like the race of the ecchoing Morven *)."

He ſtood dilated in his place, like a flood ſwelling in a narrow vale. The battle came, but they fell: bloody was the ſword of Oſcar. —— The noiſe reached his people at Crona; they came like a hundred ſtreams. The warriors of Caros fled, and Oſcar remained like a rock left by the ebbing ſea.

Now

*) This paſſage is very like the ſoliloquy of Ulyſſes upon a ſimilar occaſion.

Ὤιμοι ἐγὼ, τί πάθω; μέγα μὲν κακὸν αἶπε Φέβωμαι,
Πλεθὺν ταρβήσας· τὸ δὲ ῥίγιον αἶκεν ἄλοω
Μῆνος· &c. HOM. Il. 11.

What farther ſubterfuge, what hopes remain?
What ſhame, inglorious if I quit the plain?
What danger, ſingly if I ſtand the ground,
My friends all ſcatter'd, all the foes around?
Yet wherefore doubtful? let this truth ſuffice;
The brave meets danger, and the coward flies:
To die or conquer proves a hero's heart
And knowing this, I know a ſoldier's part.
POPE.

Now dark and deep, with all his ſteeds, Caros rolled his might along: the little ſtreams are loſt in his courſe; and the earth is rocking round. —— Battle ſpreads from wing to wing: ten thouſand ſwords gleam at once in the ſky. — But why ſhould Oſſian ſing of battles? — For never more ſhall my ſteel ſhine in war. I remember the days of my youth with ſorrow; when I feel the weakneſs of my arm. Happy are they who fell in their youth, in the midſt of their renown! — They have not beheld the tombs of their friends: or failed to bend the bow of their ſtrength. —— Happy art thou, o Oſcar, in the midſt of thy ruſhing blaſt. Thou often goeſt to the fields of thy fame, where Caros fled from thy lifted ſwords.

Darkneſs comes on my ſoul, o fair daughter of Toſcar, I behold not the form of my ſon at Carun: nor the figure of Oſcar on Crona. The ruſtling winds have carried him far away; and the heart of his father is ſad.

But lead me, o Malvina, to the ſound of my woods, and the roar of my mountain-ſtreams. Let the chace be heard on Cona; that I may think on the days of other years. — And bring

bring me the harp, o maid, that I may touch it, when the light of my ſoul ſhall ariſe. —— Be thou near, to learn the ſong; and future times ſhall hear of Oſſian.

The ſons of the feeble hereafter will lift the voice on Cona, and, looking up to the rocks, ſay, "Here Oſſian dwelt." They ſhall admire the chiefs of old, and the race that are no more: while we ride on our clouds, Malvina, on the wings of the roaring winds. Our voices ſhall be heard, at times, in the deſart; and we ſhall ſing on the winds of the rock.

THE

THE WAR OF INIS-THONA *): A POEM.

Our youth is like the dream of the hunter on the hill of heath. He ſleeps in the mild beams of the ſun; but he awakes amidſt a ſtorm; the red lightning flies around: and the trees ſhake their heads to the wind. He looks back with joy on the day of the ſun, and the pleaſant dreams of his reſt!

When

*) Inis-thona, i. e. *the iſland of waves*, was a country of Scandinavia, ſubject to its own king, but depending upon the kingdom of Lochlin. — This poem is an epiſode introduced in a great work compoſed by Oſſian, in which the actions of his friends, and his beloved ſon Oſcar, were interwoven. —— The work itſelf is loſt, but ſome epiſodes, and the ſtory of the poem, are handed down by tradition. There are ſome now living, who, in their youth, have heard the whole repeated.

When ſhall Oſſian's youth return, or his ear delight in the ſound of arms? When ſhall I, like Oſcar, travel *) in the light of my ſteel? — Come, with your ſtreams, ye hills of Cona, and liſten to the voice of Oſſian! The ſong riſes, like the ſun, in my ſoul; and my heart feels the joys of other times.

I behold my towers, o Selma! and the oaks of thy ſhaded wall: — thy ſtreams ſound in my ear; thy heroes gather round. Fingal ſits in the midſt; and leans on the ſhield of Trenmor: — his ſpear ſtands againſt the wall; he liſtens to the ſong of his bards. — The deeds of his arm are heard; and the actions of the king in his youth.

Oſcar had returned from the chace, and heard the hero's praiſe. — He took the ſhield of Branno **) from the wall; his eyes were filled

*) Travelling in the greatneſs of his ſtrength.
ISAIAH lxiii. I.

**) This is Branno, the father of Everallin, and grandfather to Oſcar; he was of Iriſh extraction, and lord of the country round the lake of Lego. — His great actions are handed down by tradition, and his hoſpitality has paſſed into a proverb.

filled with tears. Red was the cheek of youth. His voice was trembling low. My ſpear ſhook its bright head in his hand: he ſpoke to Morven's king.

Fingal! thou king of heroes! Oſſian, next to him in war! ye have fought the battle in your youth; your names are renowned in ſong. — Oſcar is like the miſt of Cona: I appear and vaniſh. —— The bard will not know my name. —— The hunter will not ſearch in the heath for my tomb. Let me fight, o heroes, in the battles of Inis-thona. Diſtant is the land of my war! —— ye ſhall not hear of Oſcar's fall. —— Some bard may find me there, and give my name to the ſong. —— The daughter of the ſtranger ſhall ſee my tomb, and weep over the youth that came from afar. The bard ſhall ſay, at the feaſt, hear the ſong of Oſcar from the diſtant land.

Oſcar, replied the king of Morven; thou ſhalt fight, ſon of my fame! —— Prepare my dark-boſomed ſhip, to carry my hero to Inis-thona. Son of my ſon, regard our fame; —— for thou art of the race of renown. Let not the children of ſtrangers ſay, feeble are the ſons of Morven! —— Be thou, in battle, like the

the roaring ſtorm: mild as the evening ſun in peace. —— Tell, Oſcar, to Inis-thona's king, that Fingal remembers his youth; when we ſtrove in the combat together in the days of Agandecca.

They lifted up the ſounding ſail; the wind whiſtled through the thongs *) of their maſts. Waves laſhed the oozy rocks: the ſtrength of ocean roared. —— My ſon beheld, from the wave, the land of groves. He ruſhed into the ecchoing bay of Runa; and ſent his ſword to Annir king of ſpears.

The gray-haired hero roſe, when he ſaw the ſword of Fingal. His eyes were full of tears, and he remembered the battles of their youth. Twice they lifted the ſpear before the lovely Agandecca: heroes ſtood far diſtant, as if two ghoſts contended.

But now, begun the king, I am old; the ſword lies uſeleſs in my hall. Thou who art of Morven's race! Annir has been in the ſtrife of ſpears; but he is pale and withered now, like the oak of Lano. I have no ſon to meet thee with joy, or to carry thee to the halls of his fathers. Argon is pale in the tomb, and

Runo

*) Leather-thongs were uſed in Oſſian's time, inſtead of ropes.

Rura is no more. —— My daughter is in the hall of ſtrangers, and longs to behold my tomb. — Her ſpouſe ſhakes ten thouſand ſpears; and comes *) like a cloud of death from Lano. —— Come thou, to ſhare the feaſt of Annir, ſon of ecchoing Morven.

Three days they feaſted together; on the fourth Annir heard the name of Oſcar **). — They

*) Cormalo had reſolved on a war againſt his father-in-law, Annir king of Inis-thona, in order to deprive him of his kingdom: the injuſtice of his deſigns was ſo much reſented by Fingal, that he ſent his grandſon, Oſcar, to the aſſiſtance of Annir. Both armies came ſoon to a battle, in which the conduct and valour of Oſcar obtained a complete victory. An end was put to the war by the death of Cormalo, who fell in a ſingle combat, by Oſcar's hand. —— Thus is the ſtory delivered down by tradition; though the poet, to raiſe the character of his ſon, makes Oſcar himſelf propoſe the expedition.

**) It was thought, in thoſe days of heroiſm, an infringement upon the laws of hoſpitality, to aſk the name of a ſtranger, before he had feaſted three days in the great hall of the family. *He*

 that

They rejoiced in the ſhell *); and purſued the boars of Runa.

Beſide the fount of moſſy ſtones, the weary heroes reſt. The tear ſteals in ſecret from Annir: and he broke the riſing ſigh. —— Here darkly reſt, the hero ſaid, the children of my youth. —— This ſtone is the tomb of Ruro: that tree ſounds over the grave of Argon. Do ye hear my voice, o my ſons, within your narrow houſe? Or do ye ſpeak in theſe ruſtling leaves, when the winds of the deſart riſe?

King of Inis-thona, ſaid Oſcar, how fell the children of youth? The wild boar often ruſhes over their tombs, but he does not disturb the hunters. They purſue deer **) formed of clouds,

that aſks the name of the ſtranger, is, to this day, an opprobrious term applied, in the north, to the inhoſpitable.

*) *To rejoice in the ſhell* is a phraſe for feaſting ſumptuously and drinking freely. I have obſerved in a preceding note, that the ancient Scots drunk in ſhells.

**) The notion of Oſſian concerning the ſtate of the deceaſed, was the ſame with that of the ancient Greeks

clouds, and bend their airy bow. —— They ſtill love the ſport of their youth; and mount the wind with joy.

Cor-

Greeks and Romans. They imagined, that the ſouls purſued, in their ſeparate ſtate, the employments and pleaſures of their former life.

Arma procul, currusque virûm miratur inanes,
Stant terra defixæ haſtæ, paſſimque ſoluti
Per campum paſcuntur equi, quæ gratia currum
Armorumque fuit vivis; quæ cura, nitentes
Paſcere equos, eadem ſequitur tellure repoſtos.

VIRG.

The chief beheld their chariots from afar;
Their ſhining arms and courſers train'd to war:
Their lances fix'd in earth, their ſteeds around,
Free from the harneſs, graze the flow'ry ground.
The love of horſes, which they had, alive,
And care of chariots, after death ſurvive.

DRYDEN.

Τὸν δὲ μετ' εἰσενόησαν βίην Ἡρακληείην,
Εἴδωλον. ——

—— ὁδ', ἐρεμνῇ νυκτὶ ἐοικὼς
Γύμνον τόξον ἔχων, καὶ ἐπὶ νευρῇφιν ὀϊστὸν
Δεινὸν παπταίνων, αἰεὶ βαλέοντι ἐοικώς, &c.

HOM. Odyſſ. 11.

Cormalo, replied the king, is chief of ten thouſand ſpears; he dwells at the dark-rolling waters of Lano *); which ſend forth the cloud of death. He came to Runa's ecchoing halls, and ſought the honour of the ſpear **). The youth was lovely as the firſt beam of the ſun; and

Now I the ſtrength of Hercules behold,
A tow'ring ſpectre of gigantic mold;
Gloomy as night he ſtands in act to throw
Th' aerial arrow from the twanging bow.
Around his breaſt a wond'rous zone is roll'd,
Where woodland monſters grin in fretted gold,
There ſullen lions ſternly ſeem to roar,
The bear to growl, to foam the tuſky boar,
There war and havock and deſtruction ſtood,
And vengeful murder red with human blood.

POPE.

*) Lano was a lake of Scandinavia, remarkable, in the days of Oſſian, for emitting a peſtilential vapour in autumn. *And thou, o valiant Duchomar, like the miſt of marſhy Lano; when it ſails over the plains of autumn, and brings death to the people.*

FINGAL, B. I.

**) By *the honour of the ſpear* is meant a kind of tournament practiſed among the ancient northern nations.

and few were they who could meet him in fight! —— My heroes yielded to Cormalo: and my daughter loved the ſon of Lano.

Argon and Ruro returned from the chace; the tears of their pride deſcended: —— They rolled their ſilent eyes on Runa's heroes, becauſe they yielded to a ſtranger: three days they feaſted with Cormalo: on the fourth my Argon fought. —— But who could fight with Argon! —— Lano's chief was overcome. His heart ſwelled with the grief of pride, and he reſolved, in ſecret, to behold the death of my ſons.

They went to the hills of Runa, and purſued the dark-brown hinds. The arrow of Cormalo flew in ſecret; and my children fell. He came to the maid of his love; to Inis-thona's dark-haired maid. —— They fled over the deſart — and Annir remained alone.

Night came on, and day appeared; nor Argon's voice, nor Ruro's came. At length their much-loved dog is ſeen; the fleet and bounding Runar. He came into the hall and howled; and ſeemed to look towards the place of their fall. —— We followed him: we found them here: and laid them by this moſſy ſtream. This is the haunt of Annir, when the chace

of the hinds is over. I bend like the trunk of an aged oak above them: and my tears for ever flow.

O Ronnan! ſaid the riſing Oſcar, Ogar king of ſpears! call my heroes to my ſide, the ſons of ſtreamy Morven. To-day we go to Lano's water, that ſends forth the cloud of death. Cormalo will not long rejoice: death is often at the point of our ſwords.

They came over the deſart like ſtormy clouds, when the winds roll them over the heath: their edges are tinged with lightning: and the ecchoing groves foreſee the ſtorm. The horn of Oſcar's battle was heard; and Lano ſhook in all its waves. The children of the lake convened around the ſounding ſhield of Cormalo.

Oſcar fought, as he was wont in battle. Cormalo fell beneath his ſword: and the ſons of the diſmal Lano fley to their ſecret vales. — Oſcar brought the daughter of Inis-thona to Annir's ecchoing halls. The face of age was bright with joy; he bleſt the king of ſwords.

How great was the joy of Oſſian, when he beheld the diſtant ſail of his ſon! it was like a cloud of light that riſes in the eaſt, when

the

the traveller is ſad in a land unknown; and dismal night, with her ghoſts, is ſitting around him.

We brought him, with ſongs, to Selma's halls. Fingal ordered the feaſt of ſhells to be ſpread. A thouſand bards raiſed the name of Oſcar: and Morven anſwered to the noiſe. The daughter of Toſcar was there, and her voice was like the harp; when the diſtant ſound comes, in the evening, on the ſoft-ruſtling breeze of the vale.

O lay me, ye that ſee the light, near ſome rock of my hills: let the thick hazels be around, let the ruſtling oak be near. Green be the place of my reſt; and let the ſound of the diſtant torrent be heard. Daughter of Toſcar, take the harp, and raiſe the lovely ſong of Selma; that ſleep may overtake my ſoul in the midſt of joy; that the dreams of my youth may return, and the days of the mighty Fingal.

Selma! I behold thy towers, thy trees, and ſhaded wall. I ſee the heroes of Morven; and hear the ſong of bards. Oſcar lifts the ſword of Cormalo; and a thouſand youths admire its ſtudded thongs. They look with wonder on my ſon; and admire the ſtrength of his

arm. They mark the joy of his father's eyes; they long for an equal fame.

And ye ſhall have your fame, O ſons of ſtreamy Morven. —— My ſoul is often brightened with the ſong; and I remember the companions of my youth. —— But ſleep deſcends with the ſound of the harp; and pleaſant dreams begin to riſe. Ye ſons of the chace, ſtand far diſtant, nor disturb my reſt. The bard of other times converſes now with his fathers, the chiefs of the days of old. —— Sons of the chace, ſtand far diſtant; disturb not the dreams of Oſſian.

THE BATTLE OF LORA:

A POEM *).

Son of the diſtant land, who dwelleſt in the ſecret cell! do I hear the ſounds of thy grove? or is it the voice of thy ſongs? The torrent

*) This poem is compleat; nor does it appear from tradition, that it was introduced, as an epiſode, into any of Oſſian's great works. — It is called, in the original, *Duan a Chuldich*, or the *Culdee's poem*, becauſe it was addreſſed to one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries, who were called, from their retired life, Culdees, or *ſequeſtered perſons*. — The ſtory bears a near reſemblance to that, which was the foundation of the Iliad. Fingal, on his return from Ireland, after he had expelled Swaran from that kingdom, made a feaſt to all his heroes: he forgot to invite Maronnan and Aldo, two chiefs, who had not been along with him on his expedition. They reſented his neglect; and went over to Erragon

rent was loud in my ear, but I heard a tuneful voice; doſt thou praiſe the chiefs of thy land; or the ſpirits of the wind? —— But, lonely dweller of the rock! look over that heathy plain: thou ſeeſt green tombs, with their rank, whiſtling graſs; with their ſtones of moſſy heads: thou ſeeſt them, ſon of the rock, but Oſſian's eyes have failed.

A mountain-ſtream comes roaring down, and ſends its waters round a green hill: four moſſy ſtones, in the midſt of withered graſs, rear their heads on the top: two trees, which the ſtorms have bent, ſpread their whiſtling bran-

king of Sora, a country of Scandinavia, the declared enemy of Fingal. The valour of Aldo ſoon gained him a great reputation in Sora; and Lorma, the beautiful wife of Erragon, fell in love with him. — He found means to eſcape with her, and to come to Fingal, who reſided then in Selma on the weſtern coaſt. — Erragon invaded Scotland, and was ſlain in battle by Gaul the ſon of Morni, after he had rejected terms of peace offered him by Fingal. — In this war Aldo fell, in a ſingle combat, by the hands of his rival Erragon; and the unfortunate Lorma afterwards died of grief.

branches around. —— This is thy dwelling, Erragon *); this thy narrow houſe: the ſound of thy ſhells has been long forgot in Sora: and thy ſhield is become dark in thy hall. — Erragon, king of ſhips! chief of diſtant Sora! how haſt thou fallen on our mountains **)! How is the mighty low!

Son of the ſecret cell! doſt thou delight in ſongs? Hear the battle of Lora; the ſound of its ſteel is long ſince paſt. So thunder on the darkened hill roars and is no more. The ſun returns with his ſilent beams: the glittering rocks, and green heads of the mountains ſmile.

The

*) Erragon, or Ferg-thonn, ſignifies *the rage of the waves;* probably a poetical name given him by Oſſian himſelf; for he goes by the name of Annir in tradition.

**) The beauty of Israel is ſlain on thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

2 Sam. II. 19.

How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou waſt ſlain in thine high places. 2 Sam. II. 25.

The bay of Cona received our ſhips *), from Ullin's rolling waves: our white ſheets hung looſe to the maſts: and the boiſterous winds roared behind the groves of Morven. —— The horn of the king is ſounded, and the deer ſtart from their rocks. Our arrows flew in the woods; the feaſt of the hill was ſpread. Our joy was great on our rocks, for the fall of the terrible Swaran.

Two heroes were forgot at our feaſt; and the rage of their boſoms burned. They rolled their red eyes in ſecret: the ſigh burſt from their breaſts. They were ſeen to talk together, and to throw their ſpears on earth. They were two dark clouds, in the miſt of our joy; like pillars of miſt on the ſettled ſea: it glitters to the ſun, but the mariners fear a ſtorm.

Raiſe my white ſails, ſaid Ma-ronnan, raiſe them to the winds of the weſt; let us ruſh, o Aldo, through the foam of the northern wave. We are forgot at the feaſt: but our arms have been red in blood. Let us leave the hills of Fingal, and ſerve the king of Sora. ——

His

*) This was at Fingal's return from his war againſt Swaran.

His countenance is fierce, and the war darkens round his ſpear. Let us be renowned, o Aldo, in the battles of ecchoing Sora.

They took their ſwords and ſhields of thongs; and ruſhed to Lumar's ſounding bay. They came to Sora's haughty king, the chief of bounding ſteeds. —— Erragon had returned from the chace: his ſpear was red in blood. He bent his dark face to the ground; and whiſtled as he went. —— He took the ſtrangers to his feaſts: they fought and conquered in his wars.

Aldo returned with his fame towards Sora's lofty walls. —— From her tower looked the ſpouſe of Erragon, the humid, rolling eyes of Lorma. —— Her dark-brown hair flies on the wind of ocean: her white breaſt heaves, like ſnow on the heath; when the gentle winds ariſe, and ſlowly move it in the light. She ſaw young Aldo, like the beam of Sora's ſetting ſun. Her ſoft heart ſighed: tears filled her eyes; and her white arm ſupported her head.

Three days ſhe ſat within the hall, and covered grief with joy. —— On the fourth ſhe fled with the hero, along the rolling ſea. —— They came to Cona's moſſy towers, to Fingal king of ſpears.

Aldo

Aldo of the heart of pride! ſaid the riſing king of Morven, ſhall I defend thee from the wrath of Sora's injured king? who will now receive my people into their halls, or give the feaſt of ſtrangers, ſince Aldo, of the little ſoul, has carried away the fair of Sora? Go to thy hills, thou feeble hand, and hide thee in thy caves; mournful is the battle we muſt fight, with Sora's gloomy king. —— Spirit of the noble Trenmor! when will Fingal ceaſe to fight? I was born in the midſt of battles *), and my ſteps muſt move in blood to my tomb. But my hand did not injure the weak, my ſteel did not touch the feeble in arms. —— I behold thy tempeſts, o Morven, which will overturn my halls; when my children are dead in battle, and none remains to dwell in Selma. Then will the feeble come, but they will not know my tomb: my renown is in the ſong: and my actions ſhall be as a dream to future times.

His people gathered around Erragon, as the ſtorms round the ghoſt of night; when he calls

*) Comhal the father of Fingal was ſlain in battle, againſt the tribe of Morni, the very day that Fingal was born; ſo that he may, with propriety, be ſaid to have been *born in the midſt of battles.*

calls them from the top of Morven, and prepares to pour them on the land of the ſtranger. — He came to the ſhore of Cona, and ſent his bard to the king; to demand the combat of thouſands; or the land of many hills.

Fingal ſat in his hall, with the companions of his youth around him. The young heroes were at the chace, and far diſtant in the deſart. The gray-haired chiefs talked of other times, and of the actions of their youth; when the aged Narthmor *) came, the king of ſtreamy Lora.

This is no time, begun the chief, to hear the ſongs of other years: Erragon frowns on the coaſt, and lifts ten thouſand ſwords. Gloomy is the king among his chiefs! he is like the darkened moon, amidſt the meteors of night.

Come, ſaid Fingal, from thy hall, thou daughter of my love; come from thy hall, Bosmina **), maid of ſtreamy Morven! Narthmor, take the ſteeds ***) of the ſtrangers, and attend

*) Neart-mór, *great ſtrength.* Lora, *noiſy.*

**) Bos-mhina, *ſoft and tender hand.* She was the youngeſt of Fingal's children.

***) Theſe were probably horſes taken in the incurſions of the Caledonians into the Roman province, which

attend the daughter of Fingal: let her bid the king of Sora to our feaſt, to Selma's ſhaded wall. —— Offer him, o Bosmina, the peace of heroes, and the wealth of generous Aldo: our youths are far diſtant, and age is on our trembling hands.

She came to the hoſt of Erragon, like a beam of light to a cloud. —— In her right hand ſhone an arrow of gold; and in her left a ſparkling ſhell, the ſign of Morven's peace. — Erragon brightened in her preſence, as a rock before the ſudden beams of the ſun; when they iſſue from a broken cloud, divided by the roaring wind.

Son of the diſtant Sora, begun the mildly-bluſhing maid, come to the feaſt of Morven's king, to Selma's ſhaded walls. Take the peace of heroes, o warrior, and let the dark ſword reſt by thy ſide. —— And if thou chuſeſt the wealth of kings, hear the words of the generous Aldo. —— He gives to Erragon an hundred ſteeds, the children of the rein: an hundred maids from diſtant lands; an hundred hawks with fluttering wing, that fly acroſs the ſky. An-

which ſeems to be intimated in the phraſe of the *ſteeds of ſtrangers.*

An hundred girdles *) ſhall alſo be thine, to bind high-boſomed women; the friends of the births of heroes, and the cure of the ſons of toil. —— Ten ſhells ſtudded with gems ſhall ſhine in Sora's towers: the blue water trembles on their ſtars, and ſeems to be ſparkling wine. —— They gladdened once the kings of the world **), in the midſt of their ecchoing halls. Theſe, o hero, ſhall be thine; or thy white-boſomed ſpouſe. —— Lorma ſhall roll her bright eyes in thy halls; though Fingal loves the generous Aldo: —— Fingal, —— who never injured a hero, though his arm is ſtrong.

Soft

*) Sanctified girdles, till very lately, were kept in many families in the north of Scotland; they were bound about women in labour, and were ſuppoſed to alleviate their pains, and to accelerate the birth. They were impreſſed with ſeveral myſtical figures, and the ceremony of binding them about the woman's waiſt, was accompanied with words and geſtures, which ſhewed the cuſtom to have come originally from the druids.

**) The Roman emperors. Theſe ſhells were ſome of the ſpoils of the province.

Soft voice of Cona! replied the king, tell him, that he ſpreads his feaſt in vain. —— Let Fingal pour his ſpoils around me; and bend beneath my power. Let him give me the ſwords of his fathers, and the ſhields of other times; that my children may behold them in my halls, and ſay, "Theſe are the arms of Fingal."

Never ſhall they behold them in thy halls, ſaid the riſing pride of the maid; they are in the mighty hand of heroes, who never yielded in war. —— King of the ecchoing Sora! the ſtorm is gathering on our hills. Doſt thou not forſee the fall of thy people, ſon of the diſtant land?

She came to Selma's ſilent halls; the king beheld her down-caſt eyes. He roſe from his place, in his ſtrength, and ſhook his aged locks. —— He took the ſounding mail of Trenmor, and the dark-brown ſhield of his fathers. Darkneſs filled Selma's hall, when he ſtretched his hand to his ſpear: —— the ghoſts of thouſands were near, and foreſaw the death of the people. Terrible joy roſe in the face of the aged heroes: they ruſhed to meet the foe; their thoughts are on the actions of other years, and on the fame of the tomb.

Now

Now the dogs of the chace appeared at Trathal's tomb: Fingal knew, that his young heroes followed them, and he ſtopt in the midſt of his courſe. —— Oſcar appeared the firſt; — then Morni's ſon, and Nemi's race: Fercuth *) ſhewed his gloomy form: Dermid ſpread his dark hair on the wind. Oſſian came the laſt. O ſon of the rock **), I hummed the ſong of other times: my ſpear ſupported my ſteps over the little ſtreams, and my thoughts were of mighty men. Fingal ſtruck his boſſy ſhield; and gave the dismal ſign of war; a thouſand ſwords ***), at once unſheathed, gleam on the waving heath. Three gray-haired ſons of ſong raiſe the tuneful, mournful voice. —— Deep and dark with ſounding ſteps, we ruſh, a gloomy ridge, along: like the ſhower of a ſtorm, when it pours on the narrow vale.

The

*) Fear-cuth, the ſame with Fergus, *the man of the word*, or a commander of an army.

**) The poet addreſſes himſelf to the Culdee.

***) He ſpake; and to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd hell. MILTON.

The king of Morven ſat on his hill: the ſun-beam *) of battle flew on the wind: the companions of his youth are near, with all their waving locks of age. —— Joy roſe in the hero's eyes, when he beheld his ſons in war; when he ſaw them amidſt the lightning of ſwords, and mindful of the deeds of their fathers. —— Erragon came on, in his ſtrength, like the roar of a winter-ſtream: the battle falls in his courſe, and death is at his ſide.

Who comes, ſaid Fingal, like the bounding roe, like the hart of ecchoing Cona? His ſhield glitters on his ſide; and the clang of his armour is mournful. —— He meets with Erragon in the ſtrife! —— Behold the battle of the chiefs! —— it is like the contending of ghoſts in a gloomy ſtorm. —— But falleſt thou, ſon of the hill, and is thy white boſom ſtained with blood? Weep, unhappy Lorma, Aldo is no more.

The king took the ſpear of his ſtrength; for he was ſad for the fall of Aldo: he bent his deathful eyes on the foe; but Gaul met the

*) I have obſerved in a former note, that the ſtandard of Fingal was called the ſun-beam, from its being ſtudded with ſtones and gold.

the king of Sora. —— Who can relate the fight of the chiefs? —— The mighty ſtranger fell.

Sons of Cona! Fingal cried aloud, ſtop the hand of death. —— Mighty was he, that is now ſo low! and much is he mourned in Sora! The ſtranger will come towards his hall, and wonder why it is ſilent. The king is fallen, o ſtranger, and the joy of his houſe is ceaſed. —— Liſten to the ſound of his woods: perhaps his ghoſt is there; but he is far diſtant, on Morven, beneath the ſword of a foreign foe.

Such were the words of Fingal, when the bard raiſed the ſong of peace; we ſtopped our uplifted ſwords, and ſpared the feeble foe. We laid Erragon in that tomb; and I raiſed the voice of grief: the clouds of night came rolling down, and the ghoſt of Erragon appeared to ſome. —— His face was cloudy and dark; and an half-formed ſigh is in his breaſt. —— Bleſt be thy ſoul, o king of Sora! thine arm was terrible in war!

Lorma ſat, in Aldo's hall, at the light of a flaming oak: the night came, but he did not return; and the ſoul of Lorma is ſad. —— What detains thee, hunter of Cona? for thou didſt promiſe to return. —— Has the deer

been diſtant far; and do the dark winds ſigh, round thee, on the heath? I am in the land of ſtrangers, where is my friend, but Aldo? Come from thy ecchoing hills, o my beſt beloved!

Her eyes are turned towards the gate, and ſhe liſtens to the ruſtling blaſt. She thinks, it is Aldo's tread, and joy riſes in her face: —— but ſorrow returns again, like a thin cloud on the moon. —— And thou wilt not return, my love? Let me behold the face of the hill. The moon is in the eaſt. Calm and bright is the breaſt of the lake! When ſhall I hear his voice, loud and diſtant on the wind? Come from thy ecchoing hills, hunter of woody Cona!

His thin ghoſt appeared, on a rock, like the watry beam of the moon, when it ruſhes from between two clouds, and the midnight-ſhower is on the field. —— She followed the empty form over the heath, for ſhe knew, that her hero fell. —— I heard her approaching cries on the wind, like the mournful voice of the breeze, when it ſighs on the graſs of the cave.

She came, ſhe found her hero: her voice was heard no more: ſilent ſhe rolled her ſad eyes;

eyes; ſhe was pale as a watry cloud, that riſes from the lake, to the beam of the moon.

Few were her days on Cona; ſhe ſunk into the tomb: Fingal commanded his bards; and they ſung over the death of Lorma. The daughters *) of Morven mourned her for one day in the year, when the dark winds of autumn returned.

Son of the diſtant land **), thou dwelleſt in the field of fame: o let thy ſong riſe, at times, in the praiſe of thoſe that fell: that their thin ghoſts may rejoice around thee; and the ſoul of Lorma come on a moon-beam ***), when thou lieſt down to reſt, and the moon looks into thy cave. Then ſhalt thou ſee her lovely; but the tear is ſtill on her cheek.

*) The daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite, four days in a year. JUDGES xi. 40.

**) The poet addreſſes himſelf to the Culdee.

***) Be thou on a moon-beam, o Morna, near the window of my reſt; when my thoughts are of peace; and the din of arms is over.

FINGAL, B. I.

CONLATH AND CUTHONA:

A POEM *).

Did not Oſſian hear a voice? or is it the ſound of days, that are no more? Often does the memory of former times come, like the evening-ſun on my ſoul. The noiſe of the

*) Conlath was the youngeſt of Morni's ſons, and brother to the celebrated Gaul, who is ſo often mentioned in Oſſian's poems. He was in love with Cuthóna the daughter of Rumar, when Toſcar the ſon of Kinfena, accompanied by Fercuth his friend, from Ireland, at Mora where Conlath dwelt. He was hoſpitably received, and according to the cuſtom of the times, feaſted three days with Conlath. On the fourth he ſet ſail, and coaſting the *iſland of waves*, probably one of the Hebrides, he ſaw Cuthóna hunting, fell in love with her, and carried her away, by force, in his ſhip. He was forced, by ſtreſs of weather, into I-thona, a deſart Iſle. In the mean time Conlath, hearing of the rape, ſailed after him, and found him on the point of ſailing for the coaſt of Ireland.

the chace is renewed; and, in thought, I lift the ſpear. —— But Oſſian did hear a voice: Who art thou, ſon of the night? The ſons of little men are aſleep, and the midnight-wind is in my hall. Perhaps it is the ſhield of Fingal, that ecchoes to the blaſt; it hangs in Oſſian's hall, and he feels it ſometimes with his hands. —— Yes! —— I hear thee, my friend; long has thy voice been abſent from mine ear! What brings thee, on thy cloud, to Oſſian, ſon of the generous Morni? Are the friends of the aged near thee? Where is Oſcar, ſon

Ireland. They fought; and they, and their followers fell by mutual wounds. Cuthóna did not long ſurvive: for ſhe died of grief the third day after. Fingal, hearing of their unfortunate death, ſent Stormal the ſon of Moran, to bury them: but forgot to ſend a bard to ſing the funeral ſong over their tombs. The ghoſt of Conlath came, long after, to Oſſian, to intreat him, to transmit to poſterity, his and Cuthóna's fame. For it was the opinion of the times, that the ſouls of the deceaſed were not happy, till their elegies were compoſed by a bard. —— Thus is the ſtory of the poem handed down by tradition.

ſon of fame? —— He was often near thee, o Conlath, when the din of battle roſe.

GHOST of CONLATH.

Sleeps the ſweet voice of Cona, in the midſt of his ruſtling hall? Sleeps Oſſian in his hall, and his friends without their fame? The ſea rolls round the dark I-thona *), and our tombs are not ſeen by the ſtranger. How long ſhall our fame be unheard, ſon of the ecchoing Morven?

OSSIAN.

O that mine eyes could behold thee, as thou ſitteſt, dim, on thy cloud! Art thou like the miſt of Lano; or an half-exſtinguiſhed meteor? Of what are the ſkirts of thy robe? Of what is thine airy bow? —— But he is gone on his blaſt, like the ſhadow of miſt. — Come from thy wall, my harp, and let me hear thy ſound. Let the light of memory riſe on I-thona; that I may behold my friends. And Oſſian does behold his friends, on the dark-blue iſle. —— The cave of Thona appears, with its moſſy rocks and bending trees. A ſtream roars at its mouth, and Toſcar bends over

*) I-thonn, *iſland of waves*, one of the uninhabited weſtern iſles.

over its courſe. Fercuth is ſad by his ſide: and the maid *) of his love ſits at a diſtance, and weeps. Does the wind of the waves deceive me? Or do I hear them ſpeak?

TOSCAR.

The night was ſtormy. From their hills the groaning oaks came down. The ſea darkly-tumbled beneath the blaſt, and the roaring waves, were climbing againſt our rocks. —— The lightning came often and ſhewed the blaſted fern. — Fercuth! I ſaw the ghoſt of night **). Silent he ſtood, on that bank; his robe of miſt flew on the wind. —— I could behold his tears: an aged man he ſeemed, and full of thought.

FERCUTH.

It was thy father, o Toſcar; and he foreſees ſome death among his race. Such was his appear-

*) Cuthóna the daughter of Rumar, whom Toſcar had carried away by force.

**) It was long thought, in the north of Scotland, that ſtorms were raiſed by the ghoſts of the deceaſed. This notion is ſtill entertained by the vulgar: for they think, that whirlwinds, and ſudden ſqualls of wind are occaſioned by ſpirits, who transport themſelves, in that manner, from one place to another.

appearance on Cromla, before the great Maronnan *) fell. —— Ullin **)! with thy hills of graſs, how pleaſant are thy vales! Silence is near thy blue ſtreams, and the ſun is on thy fields. Soft is the ſound of the harp in Selá-ma ***), and pleaſant the cry of the hunter on Crómla. But we are in the dark I-thona, ſurrounded by the ſtorm. The billows lift their white heads above our rocks: and we tremble amidſt the night.

TOSCAR.

Whither is the ſoul of battle fled, Fercuth with the locks of age? I have ſeen thee undaunted in danger, and thine eyes burning with joy in the fight. Whither is the ſoul of battle fled? Our fathers never feared. —— Go! view the ſettling ſea: the ſtormy wind is laid. The billows ſtill tremble ****) on the deep, and ſeem

*) Ma-ronnan was the brother of Toſcar: the tranſlator has a poem in his poſſeſſion concerning the extraordinary death of that hero.

**) Ulſter in Ireland.

***) Selámath — *beautiful to behold*, the name of Toſcar's palace, on the coaſt of Ulſter, near the mountain Cromla, the ſcene of the epic poem.

****) —— the face of ocean ſleeps,
And a ſtill horror ſaddens all the deeps.
POPE's Homer.

ſeem to fear the blaſt. But view the ſettling ſea; morning is gray on our rocks. The ſun will look ſoon from his eaſt; in all his pride of light.

I lifted up my ſails, with joy, before the halls of generous Conlath. My courſe was by the iſle of waves, where his love purſued the deer. I ſaw her, like that beam of the ſun, that iſſues from the cloud. Her hair was on her heaving breaſt; ſhe, bending forward, drew the bow: her white arm ſeemed, behind her, like the ſnow of Cromla. —— Come to my ſoul, I ſaid, thou huntreſs of the iſle of waves! But ſhe ſpends her time in tears, and thinks of the generous Conlath. Where can I find thy peace, Cuthona, lovely maid!

Cu-thona*).

A diſtant ſteep bends over the ſea, with aged trees and moſſy rocks: the billows roll at its feet: on its ſide is the dwelling of roes. The people call it Ardven. There the towers of Mora riſe. There Conlath looks over the ſea, for

*) Cu-thona, *the mournful ſound of the waves*; a poetical name given her by Oſſian, on account of her mourning to the ſound of the waves; her name in tradition is Gorm-huil, *the blue-eyed maid.*

for his only love. The daughters of the chace returned, and he beheld their down-caſt eyes. Where is the daughter of Rumar? But they anſwered not. —— My peace dwells on Ardven, ſon of the diſtant land!

TOSCAR.

And Cuthona ſhall return to her peace; to the halls of generous Conlath. He is the friend of Toſcar: I have feaſted in his halls. — Riſe, ye gentle breezes of Ullin, and ſtretch my ſails towards Ardven's ſhores. Cuthona ſhall reſt on Ardven: but the days of Toſcar will be ſad. —— I ſhall ſit in my cave in the field of the ſun. The blaſt will ruſtle in my trees, and I ſhall think it is Cuthona's voice. But ſhe is diſtant far, in the halls of the mighty Conlath.

CUTHONA.

Oh! what cloud is that? It carries the ghoſts of my fathers. I ſee the ſkirts of their robes, like gray and watry miſt. When ſhall I fall, o Rumar? —— Sad Cuthona ſees her death. Will not Conlath behold me, before I enter the narrow houſe? *)

OSSIAN.

And he will behold thee, o maid! he comes along the rolling ſea. The death of Toſcar is dark

*) The grave.

dark on his ſpear; and a wound is in his ſide. He is pale at the cave of Thona, and ſhews his ghaſtly wound *). Where art thou with thy tears, Cuthona? the chief of Mora dies. — The viſion grows dim on my mind: —— I behold the chiefs no more. But, o ye bards of future times, remember the fall of Conlath with tears: he fell before his day **); and ſadneſs darkened in his hall. His mother looked to his ſhield on the wall, and it was bloody ***). She knew, that her hero died; and her ſorrow was heard on Mora.

Art thou pale on thy rock, Cuthona, beſide the fallen chiefs? The night comes, and the

*) ——— *inhumati venit imago*
Conjugis, ora modis adtollens pallida miris;
Crudelis aras, trajectaque pectora ferro
Nudavit. ——— VIRG.

——— the ghoſt appears
Of her unhappy Lord: the ſpecter ſtares,
And with erected eyes his bloody boſom bares.
DRYDEN.

**) *Nam quia nec fato, merita nec morte peribat,*
Sed miſera ante diem, &c. VIRG.

***) it was the opinion of the times, that the arms left by the heroes at home, became bloody the very inſtant their owners were killed, though at ever ſo great a diſtance.

the day returns, but none appears to raiſe their tomb. Thou frighteneſt the ſcreaming fowls *) away, and thy tears for ever flow. Thou art pale as a watry cloud, that riſes from a lake.

The ſons of the deſart came, and they found her dead. They raiſe a tomb over the heroes; and ſhe reſts at the ſide of Conlath. —— Come not to my dreams, o Conlath; for thou haſt received thy fame. Be thy voice far diſtant from my hall; that ſleep may deſcend at night. O that I could forget my friends: till my foot-ſteps ceaſe to be ſeen! till I come among them with joy! and lay my aged limbs in the narrow houſe!

*) The ſituation of Cuthona is like that of Rizpah, Saul's miſtreſs, who ſat by her ſons, after they had been hanged by the Gibeonites.

And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took ſackcloth, and ſpread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of the harveſt, until water dropped on them out of heaven, and ſuffered neither the birds of the air to reſt on them by day, nor the beaſts of prey by night. 2 SAM. XXI. 10.

CARTHON*):

A POEM.

A tale of the times of old! The deeds of days of other years! —— The murmur of thy ſtreams, o Lora, brings back the memory of the paſt. The ſound of thy woods, Gar-

*) This poem is compleat, and the ſubject of it, as of moſt of Oſſian's compoſitions, tragical. In the time of Comhal the ſon of Trathal, and father of the celebrated Fingal, Cleſsámmor the ſon of Thaddu, and brother of Mora, Fingal's mother, was driven by a ſtorm into the river Clyde, on the banks of which ſtood Balclutha, a town belonging to the Britons between the walls. He was hoſpitably received by Reuthámir, the principal man in the place, who gave him Moina his only daughter in marriage. Reuda, the ſon of Cormo, a Briton who was in love with Moina, came to Reuthámir's houſe, and behaved haughtily towards Cleſsámmor. A quarrel inſued, in which Reuda was killed; the Britons, who attended him, preſſed ſo hard on Cleſsámmor, that

Garmallar, is lovely in mine ear. Doſt thou not behold, Malvina, a rock with its head of heath? Three aged firs bend from its face; green is the narrow plain at its feet; there the flower of the mountain grows, and ſhakes its white head in the breeze. The thiſtle is there

he was obliged to throw himſelf into the Clyde, and ſwim to his ſhip. He hoiſted ſail, and the wind being favourable, bore him out to ſea. He often endeavoured to return, and carry off his beloved Moina by night; but the wind continuing contrary, he was forced to deſiſt.

Moina, who had been left with child by her husband, brought forth a ſon, and died ſoon after. —— Reuthámir named the child Carthon, i. e. *the murmur of waves*, from the ſtorm which carried off Cleſsámmor his father, who was ſuppoſed to have been caſt away. When Carthon was three years old, Comhal the father of Fingal, in one of his expeditions againſt the Britons, took and burnt Balclutha. Reuthámir was killed in the attack; and Carthon was carried ſafe away by his nurſe, who fled farther into the country of the Britons. Carthon, coming to man's eſtate, was reſolved to revenge the fall of Balclutha on Comhal's poſterity. He ſet ſail, from the Clyde,

re alone, and ſheds its aged beard. Two ſtones, half ſunk in the ground, ſhew their heads of moſs. The deer of the mountain avoids the place, for he beholds the gray ghoſt that guards it *); for the mighty lie, o Malvina, in the narrow plain of the rock. A tale of the times of old! the deeds of days of other years!

Who comes from the land of ſtrangers, with his thouſands around him? the ſun-beam pours its bright ſtream before him; and his air meets the wind of his hills. His face is ſett-

de, and, falling on the coaſt of Morven, defeated two of Fingal's heroes, who came to oppoſe his progreſs. He was, at laſt, unwittingly killed by his father Cleſsámmor, in a ſingle combat. This ſtory is the foundation of the preſent poem, which opens on the night preceding the death of Carthon, ſo that what paſſed before, is introduced by way of epiſode. The poem is addreſſed to Malvina the daughter of Toſcar.

*) It was the opinion of the times, that deer ſaw the ghoſts of the dead. To this day, when beaſts ſuddenly ſtart without any apparent cauſe, the vulgar think, that they ſee the ſpirits of the deceaſed.

ſettled from war. He is calm as the evening beam, that looks, from the cloud of the weſt, on Cona's ſilent vale. Who is it but Comhal's ſon *), the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, and bids a thouſand voices riſe. —— Ye have fled over your fields, ye ſons of the diſtant land! The king of the world ſits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride, and takes his father's ſword. Ye have fled over your fields, ſons of the diſtant land!

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. —— A thouſand lights **) from the ſtranger's land roſe, in the midſt of the people. The feaſt is ſpread around; and the night paſſed away in joy. —— Where is the noble Cleſsámmor ***) ſaid the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the companion of my father, in the days of my joy? Sullen and dark

*) Fingal returns here, from an expedition againſt the Romans, which was celebrated by Oſſian in a particular poem, which is in the translator's poſſeſſion.

**) Probably wax-lights; which are often mentioned, as carried, among other booty, from the Roman province.

***) Cleſſamh-mór, *mighty deeds.*

dark he paſſes his days in the vale of ecchoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a ſteed *) in his ſtrength, who finds his com-

*) Haſt thou given the horſe ſtrength? Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his ſtrength. JOB.

Ὣς δ' ὅτε τις σατὸς ἵππος ἀκόσησας ἐπὶ φατνῇ,
Δεσμὸν ἀπορρήξας; &c. HOM. Il. 6.

The wanton courſer, thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
His head, now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting. POPE.

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
— Ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum:
—— arrectisque fremit cervicibus altè
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.
VIRG.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:

ſettled from war. He is calm as the evening beam, that looks, from the cloud of the weſt, on Cona's ſilent vale. Who is it but Comhal's ſon *), the king of mighty deeds! He beholds his hills with joy, and bids a thouſand voices riſe. —— Ye have fled over your fields, ye ſons of the diſtant land! The king of the world ſits in his hall, and hears of his people's flight. He lifts his red eye of pride, and takes his father's ſword. Ye have fled over your fields, ſons of the diſtant land!

Such were the words of the bards, when they came to Selma's halls. —— A thouſand lights **) from the ſtranger's land roſe, in the midſt of the people. The feaſt is ſpread around; and the night paſſed away in joy. —— Where is the noble Cleſsámmor ***) ſaid the fair-haired Fingal? Where is the companion of my father, in the days of my joy? Sullen and dark

*) Fingal returns here, from an expedition againſt the Romans, which was celebrated by Oſſian in a particular poem, which is in the translator's poſſeſſion.

**) Probably wax-lights; which are often mentioned, as carried, among other booty, from the Roman province.

***) Cleſſamh-mór, *mighty deeds.*

dark he paſſes his days in the vale of ecchoing Lora: but, behold, he comes from the hill, like a ſteed *) in his ſtrength, who finds his com-

*) Haſt thou given the horſe ſtrength? Haſt thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his ſtrength. JOB.

Ὣς δ' ὅτε τὶς ϛατὸς ἵππος ἀκόϛησας ἐπὶ φατνῇ,
Δεσμὸν ἀποῤῥήξας; &c. HOM. Il. 6.

The wanton courſer, thus with reins unbound,
Breaks from his ſtall, and beats the trembling ground;
His head, now freed, he toſſes to the ſkies;
His mane diſhevel'd o'er his ſhoulders flies;
He ſnuffs the females in the diſtant plain,
And ſprings, exulting. POPE.

Qualis ubi abruptis fugit præſepia vinclis
Tandem liber equus, campoque potitus aperto,
— Ille in paſtus armentaque tendit equarum:
—— arrectisque fremit cervicibus altè
Luxurians, luduntque jubæ per colla, per armos.
VIRG.

Freed from his keepers, thus with broken reins,
The wanton courſer prances o'er the plains:

companions in the breeze; and toſſes his bright mane in the wind. —— Bleſt be the ſoul of Cleſsámmor, why ſo long from Selma?

Returns the chief, ſaid Cleſsámmor, in thee midſt of his fame? Such was the renown of Combal in the battles of his youth. Often did we paſs over Carun to the land of the ſtrangers: our ſwords returned, not unſtained with blood: nor did the kings of the world rejoice. — Why do I remember the battles of my youth? My hair is mixed with gray. My hand forgets to bend the bow; and I lift a lighter ſpear. O that my joy would return, as when I firſt beheld the maid; the white-boſomed daughter of ſtrangers, Moina *) with the dark-blue eyes!

Tell, ſaid the mighty Fingal, the tale of thy youthful days. Sorrow, like a cloud on the

Or in the pride of youth o'erleaps the mounds,
And ſnuffs the females in forbidden grounds.
—— O'er his ſhoulders flows his waving mane:
He neighs, he ſnorts, he bears his head on high.
DRYDEN.

*) Moina, *ſoft in temper and perſon.* We find the Britiſh names in this poem derived from the Galic, which is a proof, that the ancient language of the whole iſland was one and the ſame.

the ſun, ſhades the ſoul of Cleſsámmor. Mournful are thy thoughts, alone, on the banks of the roaring Lora. Let us hear the ſorrow of thy youth, and the darkneſs of thy days.

It was in the days of peace, replied the great Cleſsámmor, I came, in my bounding ſhip, to Balclutha's *) wall of towers. The winds had roared behind my ſails, and Clutha's **) ſtreams received my dark-boſomed veſſel. Three days I remained in Reuthámir's halls, and ſaw that beam of light, his daughter. The joy of the ſhell went round, and the aged hero gave the fair. Her breaſts were like foam on the wave, and her eyes like ſtars of light; her hair was dark as the raven's wing: her ſoul was generous and mild. My love for Moina was great; and my heart poured forth in joy.

The

*) Balclutha, i. e. *the town of Clyde*, probably the *Alcluth* of Bede.

**) Clutha, or Cluäth, the Galic name of the river Clyde, the ſignification of the word is *bending*, in alluſion to the winding courſe of that river. From Clutha is derived its Latin name, Glotta.

The ſon of a ſtranger came; a chief who loved the white-boſomed Moina. His words were mighty in the hall, and he often half-unſheathed his ſword. —— Where, he ſaid, is the mighty Comhal, the reſtleſs wanderer *) of the heath? Comes he, with his hoſt, to Balclutha, ſince Cleſsámmor is ſo bold?

My ſoul, I replied, o warrior! burns in a light of its own. I ſtand without fear in the midſt of thouſands, though the valiant are diſtant far. —— Stranger! thy words are mighty, for Cleſsámmor is alone. But my ſword trembles by my ſide, and longs to glitter in my hand. —— Speak no more of Comhal, ſon of the winding Clutha!

The ſtrength of his pride aroſe. We fought; he fell beneath my ſword. The banks of Clutha heard his fall, and a thouſand ſpears glittered around. I fought: the ſtrangers prevailed: I plunged into the ſtream of Clutha. My white ſails roſe over the waves, and I bounded on

*) The word in the original here rendered by *reſtleſs wanderer*, is *Scuta*, which is the true origin of the *Scoti* of the Romans; an opprobrious name impoſed by the Britons, on the Caledonians, on account of the continual incurſions into their country.

on the dark-blue ſea. —— Moina came to the ſhore, and rolled the red eye of her tears: her dark hair flew on the wind; and I heard her cries. —— Often did I turn my ſhip: but the winds of the Eaſt prevailed. Nor Clutha ever ſince have I ſeen, nor Moina of the dark-brown hair. —— She fell in Balclutha: for I have ſeen her ghoſt. I knew her as ſhe came through the duſky night, along the murmur of Lora: ſhe was like the new moon *) ſeen through the gathered miſt; when the ſky pours down its flaky ſnow, and the world is ſilent and dark.

Raiſe

*) *Inter quas Phœniſſa a vulnere Dido*
Errabat ſylva in magna: quam Troius heros
Ut primum juxta ſtetit, agnovitque per umbram
Obſcuram, qualem primo qui ſurgere menſe
Aut videt, aut vidiſſe putat per nubila lunam, &c.

VIRG.

Not far from theſe Phœnician Dido ſtood,
Freſh from her wound, her boſom bath'd in blood.
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew
Obſcure in ſhades, and with a doubtful view,
Doubtful as he who runs thro' duſky night,
Or thinks, he ſees the moon's uncertain light, &c.

DRYDEN.

Raiſe *), ye bards, ſaid the mighty Fingal, the praiſe of unhappy Moina. Call her ghoſt, with your ſongs, to our hills; that ſhe may reſt with the fair of Morven, the ſunbeams of other days, and the delight of heroes of old. —— I have ſeen the walls **) of Balcluths, but they were deſolate. The fire had reſounded in the halls; and the voice of the people is heard no more. The ſtream of Clutha was removed from its place, by the fall of the walls. —— The thiſtle ſhook, there, its lonely head: the moſs whiſtled to the wind. The fox looked out, from the windows, the rank graſs of the wall waved round his head. — Deſolate is the dwelling of Moina, ſilence is in

*) The title of this poem, in the original, is *Duan na nlaid, i. e. The poem of the Hymns:* probably on account of its many digreſſions from the ſubject, all which are in a lyric meaſure, as this ſong of Fingal. Fingal is celebrated by the Iriſh hiſtorians for his wisdom in making laws, his poetical genius, and his fore-knowledge of events. — O' Flaherty goes ſo far as to ſay, that Fingal's laws were exſtant in his own time.

**) The reader may compare this paſſage with the three laſt verſes of the 13th chapter of Iſaiah, where the prophet foretels the deſtruction of Babylon.

in the houſe of her fathers. —— Raiſe the ſong of mourning, o bards, over the land of ſtrangers. They have but fallen before us: for, one day, we muſt fall. —— Why doſt thou build the hall, ſon of the winged days? Thou lookeſt from thy towers to-day; yet a few years, and the blaſt of the deſart comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whiſtles round thy half-worn ſhield. —— And let the blaſt of the deſart come! we ſhall be renowned in our day. The mark of my arm ſhall be in the battle, and my name in the ſong of bards. —— Raiſe the ſong; ſend round the ſhell: and let joy be heard in my hall. —— When thou, ſun of heaven, ſhalt fail! if thou ſhalt fail, thou mighty light! if thy brightneſs is for a ſeaſon, like Fingal; our fame ſhall ſurvive thy beams.

Such was the ſong of Fingal, in the day of his joy. His thouſand bards leaned forward from their ſeats, to hear the voice of the king. It was like the muſic of the harp on the gale of the ſpring. —— Lovely were thy thoughts, o Fingal! why had not Oſſian the ſtrength of thy ſoul? —— But thou ſtandeſt alone, my father; and who can equal the king of Morven?

The

The night paſſed away in ſong, and morning returned in joy; —— the mountains ſhewed their gray heads; and the blue face of ocean ſmiled. —— The white wave is ſeen tumbling round the diſtant rock; the gray miſt riſes, ſlowly, from the lake. It came, in the figure of an aged man, along the ſilent plain. Its large limbs did not move in ſteps; for a ghoſt ſupported it in mid air. It came towards Selma's hall, and diſſolved in a ſhower of blood.

The king alone beheld the terrible ſight, and he foreſaw the death of the people. He came, in ſilence, to his hall; and took his father's ſpear. —— The mail rattled on his breaſt. The heroes roſe around. They looked, in ſilence, on each other, marking the eyes of Fingal. —— They ſaw the battle in his face: the death of armies on his ſpear. —— A thouſand ſhields, at once, are placed on their arms; and they drew a thouſand ſwords. The hall of Selma brightened around. The clang of arms aſcends. —— The gray dogs howl in their place. No word is among the mighty chiefs. —— Each marked the eyes of the king; and half aſſumed his ſpear.

Sons of Morven, begun the king, this is no time to fill the ſhell. The battle darkens near

near us; and death hovers over the land. Some ghoſt, the friend of Fingal, has forewarned us of the foe. —— The ſons of the ſtrangers come from the darkly-rolling ſea. For, from the water, came the ſign of Morven's gloomy danger. —— Let each *) aſſume his heavy ſpear, and gird on his father's ſword. — Let the dark helmet riſe on every head; and the mail pour its lightening from every ſide. — The battle gathers like a tempeſt, and ſoon ſhall ye hear the roar of death.

The hero moved on before his hoſt, like a cloud before a ridge of heaven's fire; when it

*) Ευ μεν τις δορυ θηξασθω ευ δ' ασπιδα θεσθω.

HOM. ii. 382.

His ſharpen'd ſpear let every Grecian wield,
And every Grecian fix his brazen ſhield, &c.

POPE.

Let each
His adamantine coat gird well, and each
Fit well his helm, gripe faſt his orbed ſhield,
Borne ev'n or high; for this day will pour down,
If I conjecture right, no drizling ſhower,
But rattling ſtorm of arrows barb'd with fire.

MILTON.

it pours on the ſky of night, and mariners foreſee a ſtorm. On Cona's riſing heath they ſtood: the white-boſomed maids beheld them above like a grove; they foreſaw the death of their youths, and looked towards the ſea with fear. —— The white wave deceived them for diſtant ſails, and the tear is on their cheek.

The ſun roſe on the ſea, and we beheld a diſtant fleet. —— Like the miſt of ocean they came; and poured their youth upon the coaſt. —— The chief was among them, like the ſtag in the midſt of the herd. —— His ſhield is ſtudded with gold, and ſtately ſtrode the king of ſpears. —— He moved towards Selma; his thouſands moved behind.

Go, with thy ſong of peace, ſaid Fingal; go, Ullin, to the king of ſwords. Tell him, that we are mighty in battle; and that the ghoſts of our foes are many. —— But renowned are they who have feaſted in my halls! they ſhew the arms *) of my fathers in a for-

*) It was a cuſtom among the ancient Scots, to exchange arms with their gueſts, and thoſe arms were preſerved long in the different families, as monuments of the friendſhip, which ſubſiſted between their anceſtors.

foreign land: the ſons of the ſtrangers wonder, and bleſs the friends of Morven's race; for our names have been heard afar; the kings of the world ſhook in the midſt of their people.

Ullin went with his ſong. Fingal reſted on his ſpear: he ſaw the mighty foe in his armour; and he bleſt the ſtranger's ſon.

How ſtately art thou, ſon of the ſea! ſaid the king of woody Morven. Thy ſword is a beam of might by thy ſide; thy ſpear is a fir that defies the ſtorm. The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy ſhield. —— Ruddy is thy face of youth! ſoft the ringlets of thy hair! —— But this tree may fall; and his memory be forgot! —— The daughter of the ſtranger will be ſad, and look to the rolling ſea: —— the children will ſay, "We ſee "a ſhip; perhaps it is the king of Balcſutha. The tear ſtarts from their mother's eye. Her thoughts are of him that ſleeps in Morven.

Such were the words of the king, when Ullin came to the mighty Carthon: he threw down the ſpear before him; and raiſed the ſong of peace.

Come

Come to the feaſt of Fingal, Carthon, from the rolling ſea! partake the feaſt of the king, or lift the ſpear of war. The ghoſts of our foes are many: but renowned are the friends of Morven!

Behold that field, o Carthon; many a green hill riſes there, with moſſy ſtones and ruſtling graſs: theſe are the tombs of Fingal's foes, the ſons of the rolling ſea.

Doſt thou ſpeak to the feeble in arms, ſaid Carthon, bard of the woody Morven? Is my face pale for fear, ſon of the peaceful ſong? Why, then, doſt thou think to darken my ſoul with the tales of thoſe who fell? —— My arm has fought in the battle; my renown is known afar. Go to the feeble in arms, and bid them yield to Fingal. —— Have not I ſeen the fallen Balclutha? And ſhall I feaſt with Comhal's ſon? Comhal! who threw his fire in the midſt of my father's hall! I was young, and knew not the cauſe why the virgins wept. The columns of ſmoke pleaſed mine eye, when they roſe above my walls; I often looked back, with gladneſs, when my friends fled along the hill. —— But when the years of my youth came on, I beheld the moſs of my fallen walls:

my

my ſigh aroſe with the morning, and my tears deſcended with night. —— Shall I not fight, I ſaid to my ſoul, againſt the children of my foes? And I will fight, o bard; I feel the ſtrength of my ſoul.

His people gathered around the hero, and drew, at once, their ſhining ſwords. He ſtands, in the midſt, like a pillar of fire; the tear half-ſtarting from his eye; for he thought of the fallen Balclutha, and the crowded pride of his ſoul aroſe. Sidelong he looked up to the hill, where our heroes ſhone in arms: the ſpear trembled in his hand; and, bending forward, he ſeemed to threaten the king.

Shall I, ſaid Fingal to his ſoul, meet, at once, the king? Shall I ſtop him, in the midſt of his courſe, before his fame ſhall ariſe? But the bard, hereafter, may ſay, when he ſees the tomb of Carthon; Fingal took his thouſands, along with him, to battle, before the noble Carthon fell. —— No: — bard of the times to come! thou ſhalt not leſſen Fingal's fame. My heroes will fight the youth, and Fingal behold the battle. If he overcomes, I ruſh, in my ſtrength, like the roaring ſtream of Cona.

Who, of my heroes, will meet the ſon of the rolling ſea? Many are his warriors on the coaſt: and ſtrong is his aſhen ſpear!

Cathul *) roſe, in his ſtrength, the ſon of the mighty Lormar: three hundred youths attend the chief, the race **) of his native ſtreams. Feeble was his arm againſt Carthon, he fell; and his heroes fled.

Connal ***) reſumed the battle, but he broke his heavy ſpear: he lay bound on the field; and Carthon purſued his people.

Cleſsámmor! ſaid the king ****) of Morven, where is the ſpear of thy ſtrength? Wilt thou

*) Cath-'huil, *the eye of battle.*

**) It appears, from this paſſage, that clanſhip was eſtabliſhed, in the days of Fingal, though not on the ſame footing with the preſent tribes in the north of Scotland.

***) This Connal is very much celebrated, in ancient poetry, for his wisdom and valour: there is a ſmall tribe ſtill ſubſiſting, in the North, who pretend they are deſcended from him.

****) Fingal did not then know, that Carthon was the ſon of Cleſsámmor.

thou behold Connal bound; thy friend, at the ſtream of Lora? Riſe, in the light of thy ſteel, thou friend of Comhal. Let the youth of Balclutha feel the ſtrength of Morven's race.

He roſe in the ſtrength of his ſteel, ſhaking his grizly locks. He fitted the ſhield to his ſide; and ruſhed, in the pride of valour.

Carthon ſtood, on that heathy rock, and ſaw the heroes approach. He loved the terrible joy of his face; and his ſtrength, in the locks of age. —— Shall I lift that ſpear, he ſaid, that never ſtrikes, but once, a foe? Or ſhall I, with the words of peace, preſerve the warrior's life? Stately are his ſteps of age! — lovely the remnant of his years. Perhaps it is the love of Moina; the father of car-borne Carthon. Often have I heard, that he dwelt at the ecchoing ſtream of Lora.

Such were his words, when Cleſsámmor came, and lifted high his ſpear. The youth received it on his ſhield, and ſpoke the words of peace. —— Warrior of the aged locks! Is there no youth to lift the ſpear? Haſt thou no ſon, to raiſe the ſhield before his father, and to meet the arm of youth? Is the ſpouſe

of thy love no more? or weeps ſhe over the tombs of thy ſons? Art thou of the kings of men? What will be the fame of my ſword, if thou ſhalt fall?

It will be great, thou ſon of pride! begun the tall Cleſsámmor, I have been renowned in battle; but I never told my name *) to a foe. Yield to me, ſon of the wave, and then thou ſhalt know, that the mark of my ſword is in many a field.

I never yielded, king of ſpears! replied the noble pride of Carthon: I have alſo fought in battles; and I behold my future fame. Deſpiſe me not, thou chief of men; my arm, my ſpear is ſtrong. Retire among thy friends, and let young heroes fight.

Why doſt thou wound my ſoul, replied Cleſsámmor with a tear? Age does not tremble on my hand; I ſtill can lift the ſword. Shall I fly

*) To tell one's name to an enemy, was reckoned, in thoſe days of heroiſm, a manifeſt evaſion of fighting him; for, if it was once known, that friendſhip ſubſiſted, of old, between the anceſtors of the combatants, the battle immediately ceaſed; and the ancient amity of their forefathers was renewed. *A man who tells his name to his enemy*, was of old an ignominious term for a coward.

I fly in Fingal's ſight; in the ſight of him I loved? Son of the ſea! I never fled: exalt thy pointed ſpear.

They fought, like two contending winds, that ſtrive to roll the wave. Carthon bade his ſpear to err; for he ſtill thought, that the foe was the ſpouſe of Moina. —— He broke Cleſsámmor's beamy ſpear in twain: and ſeized his ſhining ſword. But as Carthon was binding the chief; the chief drew the dagger of his fathers. He ſaw the foe's uncovered ſide; and opened, there, a wound.

Fingal ſaw Cleſsámmor low: he moved in the ſound of his ſteel. The hoſt ſtood ſilent, in his preſence; they turned their eyes towards the hero. —— He came, like the ſullen noiſe of a ſtorm, before the winds ariſe; the hunter hears it in the vale, and retires to the cave of the rock.

Carthon ſtood in his place: the blood is ruſhing down his ſide: he ſaw the coming down of the king; and his hopes of fame aroſe *): but pale was his cheek; his hair flew loofe,

*) This expreſſion admits of a double meaning, either that Carthon hoped to acquire glory by killing Fingal; or to be rendered famous by falling

looſe, his helmet ſhook on high: the force of Carthon failed; but his ſoul was ſtrong.

Fingal beheld the hero's blood; he ſtopt the uplifted ſpear. Yield, king of ſwords! ſaid Comhal's ſon; I behold thy blood. Thou haſt been mighty in battle; and thy fame ſhall never fade.

Art thou the king ſo far renowned, replied the car-borne Carthon? Art thou that light of death that frightens the kings of the world? But why ſhould Carthon aſk? for he is like the ſtream of his deſart; ſtrong as a river, in his courſe; ſwift as the eagle of the ſky. — O that I had fought the king; that my fame might be great in the ſong! that the hunter, beholding my tomb, might ſay, he fought with the mighty Fingal. But Carthon dies unknown; he has poured out his force on the feeble.

But thou ſhalt not die unknown, replied the king of woody Morven: my bards are many, o Carthon, and their ſongs deſcend to future times. The children of the years to come ſhall

by his hand. The laſt is the moſt probable, as Carthon is already wounded.

ſhall hear the fame of Carthon; when they ſit round the burning oak *), and the night is ſpent in the ſongs of old. The hunter, ſitting in the heath, ſhall hear the ruſtling blaſt; and, raiſing his eyes, behold the rock where Carthon fell. He ſhall turn to his ſon, and ſhew the place where the mighty fought; "There the king of Balclutha fought, like the ſtrength of a thouſand ſtreams."

Joy roſe in Carthon's face: he lifted his heavy eyes. —— He gave his ſword to Fingal, to lie within his hall, that the memory of Balclutha's king might remain on Morven. — The battle ceaſed along the field, for the bard had ſung the ſong of peace. The chiefs gathered round the falling Carthon, and heard his words, with ſighs. Silent they leaned on their ſpears, while Balclutha's hero ſpoke. His hair ſighed in the wind, and his words were feeble.

King

*) In the north of Scotland, till very lately, they burnt a large trunk of an oak at their feſtivals; it was called *the trunk of the feaſt*. Time had ſo much conſecrated the cuſtom, that the vulgar thought it a kind of ſacrilege to diſuſe it.

King of Morven, Carthon ſaid, I fall in the midſt of my courſe. A foreign tomb receives, in youth, the laſt of Reuthámir's race. Darkneſs dwells in Balclutha; and the ſhadows of grief in Crathmo. —— But raiſe my remembrance on the banks of Lora; where my fathers dwelt. Perhaps the husband of Moina will mourn over his fallen Carthon.

His words reached the heart of Cleſsámmor: he fell, in ſilence, on his ſon. The hoſt ſtood darkened around; no voice is on the plains of Lora. Night came, and the moon, from the eaſt, looked on the mournful field: but ſtill they ſtood, like a ſilent grove, that lifts its head on Gormal, when the loud winds are laid, and dark autumn is on the plain.

Three days they mourned over Carthon; on the fourth his father died. In the narrow plain of the rock they lie; and a dim ghoſt defends their tomb. There lovely Moina is often ſeen; when the ſun-beam darts on the rock, and all around is dark. There ſhe is ſeen, Malvina, but not like the daughters of the hill. Her robes are from the ſtrangers land; and ſhe is ſtill alone.

Fingal was ſad for Carthon; he deſired his bards to mark the day, when ſhadowy autumn returned. And often did they mark the day, and ſing the hero's praiſe. Who comes ſo dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's ſhadowy cloud? Death is trembling in his hand! his eyes are flames of fire! —— Who roars along dark Lora's heath? Who but Carthon king of ſwords? The people fall! how he ſtrides, like the ſullen ghoſt of Morven! —— But there he lies, a goodly oak, which ſudden blaſts overturned! When ſhalt thou riſe, Balclutha's joy! lovely car-borne Carthon? —— Who comes ſo dark from ocean's roar, like autumn's ſhadowy cloud?

Such were the words of the bards, in the day of their mourning: I have accompanied their voice; and added to their ſong. My ſoul has been mournful for Carthon; he fell in the days of his valour: and thou, o Cleſsámmor! where is thy dwelling in the air? —— Has the youth forgot his wound? And flies he, on the clouds, with thee? —— I feel the ſun, o Malvina, leave me to my reſt. Perhaps they may come to my dreams; I think, I hear a feeble voice. —— The beam of heaven delights

to ſhine on the grave of Carthon: I feel it warm around.

O thou that rolleſt above *), round as the ſhield of my fathers! Whence are thy beams, o ſun! thy everlaſting light? Thou comeſt forth, in thy awful beauty, and the ſtars hide themſelves in the ſky; the moon, cold and pale, ſinks in the weſtern wave. But thou thyſelf moveſt alone: who can be a companion of thy courſe! The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themſelves decay with years; the ocean ſhrinks and grows again; the moon herſelf is loſt in heaven: but thou art for ever the ſame; rejoicing in the brightneſs of thy courſe. When the world is dark with tempeſts; when thunder rolls, and lightning flies: thou lookeſt in thy beauty, from the clouds, and laugheſt at the ſtorm. But to Oſſian, thou lookeſt in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more:

*) This paſſage is ſomething ſimilar to Satan's addreſs to the Sun in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt.

O thou that with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Looks from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name
O Sun!

more: whether thy yellow hair flows on the eaſtern clouds, or thou trembleſt at the gates of the weſt. But thou art perhaps, like me, for a ſeaſon, and thy years will have an end. Thou ſhalt ſleep in thy clouds, careleſs of the voice of the morning. —— Exſult then, o ſun, in the ſtrength of thy youth! Age is dark and unlovely; it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it ſhines through broken clouds, and the miſt is on the hills; the blaſt of the north is on the plain, the traveller ſhrinks in the midſt of his journey.

THE DEATH OF CUCHULLIN: A POEM *).

Is the wind on Fingal's ſhield? Or is the voice of paſt times in my hall? Sing on, ſweet voice, for thou art pleaſant, and carrieſt away my night with joy. Sing on, o Bragéla, daughter of car-borne Sorglan!

It

*) Tradition throws conſiderable light on the hiſtory of Ireland, during the long reign of Fingal, the ſon of Comhal, in Morven. —— Arth, the ſon of Cairbre, ſupreme king of Ireland, dying, was ſucceeded by his ſon Cormac, a minor. —— The petty kings and chiefs of the tribes met at Temora, the royal palace, in order to chuſe, out of their own number, a guardian to the young king. Diſputes, concerning the choice of a proper perſon, run high, and it was reſolved to end all differences by giving the tuition of the young king to Cuchullin, the ſon of Semo; who had rendered himſelf famous by his great actions, and who

It is the white wave of the rock, and not Cuchullin's ſails. Often do the miſts deceive me

who reſided, at the time, with Connal, the ſon of Caithbat, in Ulſter.

Cuchullin was but three and twenty years old, when he aſſumed the management of affairs in Ireland: and the invaſion of Swaran happened two years after. In the twenty-ſeventh year of Cuchullin's age, and the third of his adminiſtration, Torlath, the ſon of Cantéla, one of the chiefs of that colony of Belgæ, who were in poſſeſſion of the ſouth of Ireland, ſet up for himſelf in Connaught, and advanced towards Temora, in order to dethrone Cormac; who, excepting Feradath, afterwards king of Ireland, was the only one of the Scotch race of kings exiſting in that country. Cuchullin marched againſt him, came up with him at the lake of Lego, and totally defeated his forces. Torlath fell in the battle by Cuchullin's hand; but as he himſelf preſſed too eagerly on the flying enemy, he was mortally wounded by an arrow, and died the ſecond day after.

The good fortune of Cormac fell with Cuchullin: many ſet up for themſelves, and anarchy and confuſion reigned. At laſt Cormac was taken off; and Cairbar, lord of Atha, one of the competitors

me for the ſhip of my love! when they riſe round ſome ghoſt, and ſpread their gray ſkirts on

tors for the throne, having defeated all his rivals, became ſole monarch of Ireland. —— The family of Fingal, who were in the intereſt of Cormac's family, were reſolved to deprive Cairbar of the throne he had uſurped; in particular Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian, had determined to revenge the death of Cathol, his friend, who had been aſſaſſinated by Cairbar. —— The threats of Oſcar reached Cairbar's ears: he invited him in a friendly manner to a feaſt, which he had prepared at the royal palace of Temora, reſolving to pick a quarrel, and have ſome pretext for killing him.

The quarrel happened; the followers of both fought, and Cairbar and Oſcar fell by mutual wounds: in the mean time Fingal arrived from Scotland with an army, defeated the friends of Cairbar, and re-eſtabliſhed the family of Cormac in the poſſeſſion of the kingdom. —— The preſent poem concerns the death of Cuchullin. It is, in the original, called *Duan loch Leigo, i. e. The Poem of Lego's Lake*, and is an epiſode introduced in a great poem, which celebrated the laſt expedition of Fingal into Ireland. The greateſt part of the poem is loſt, and nothing remains but ſome epiſodes, which a few old people in the north

on the wind. Why doſt thou delay thy coming, ſon of the generous Semo? —— Four times has autumn returned with its winds, and raiſed the ſeas of Togorma *), ſince thou haſt been in the

north of Scotland retain on memory. —— Cuchullin is the moſt famous champion in the Iriſh traditions and poems; in them he is always called the *redoubtable Cuchullin;* and the fables concerning his ſtrength and valour are innumerable. Oſſian thought his expedition againſt the Fir-bolg or Belgæ of Britain, a ſubject fit for an epic poem; which was exſtant till of late, and was called *Yora-na-tana*, or a *Diſpute about Poſſeſſions*, as the war, which was the foundation of it, was commenced by the Britiſh Belgæ, who inhabited Ireland, in order to extend their territories. — The fragments, that remain of this poem, are animated with the genuine ſpirit of Oſſian; ſo that there can be no doubt, that it was of his compoſition.

*) Togorma, i. e. *The Iſland of blue waves*, one of the Hebrides, was ſubject to Connal, the ſon of Caithbat, Cuchullin's friend. — He is ſometimes called the ſon of Colgar, from one of that name, who was the founder of the family. —— Connal, a few days before the news of Torlath's revolt

the roar of battles, and Bragéla diſtant far. — Hills of the Iſle of miſt! when will ye anſwer to his hounds? —— But ye are dark in your clouds, and ſad Bragéla calls in vain. Night comes rolling down: the face of ocean fails. The heathcock's head is beneath his wing: the hind ſleeps with the hart of the deſart. They ſhall riſe with the morning's light, and feed on the moſſy ſtream. But my tears return with the ſun, my ſighs come on with the night. When wilt thou come in thine arms, o chief of moſſy Tura?

Pleaſant is thy voice in Oſſian's ear, daughter of car-borne Sorglan! But retire to the hall of ſhells, to the beam of the burning oak. —— Attend to the beam of the ſea: it rolls at Dunſcaich's walls: let ſleep deſcend on thy blue eyes, and the hero come to thy dreams.

Cuchullin

revolt came to Temora, had ſailed to Togorma, his native iſle; where he was detained by contrary winds, during the war in which Cuchullin was killed.

Cuchullin ſits at Lego's lake, at the dark rolling of waters. Night is around the hero; and his thouſands ſpread on the heath: a hundred oaks burn in the midſt, the feaſt of ſhells is ſmoaking wide. —— Carril ſtrikes the harp, beneath a tree; his gray locks glitter in the beam; the ruſtling blaſt of night is near, and lifts his aged hair. —— His ſong is of the blue Togorma, and of its chief, Cuchullin's friend.

Why art thou abſent, Connal, in the day of the gloomy ſtorm? The chiefs of the ſouth have convened againſt the car-borne Cormac: the winds detain thy ſails, and thy blue waters roll around thee. But Cormac is not alone: the ſon of Semo fights his battles. Semo's ſon his battles fights! the terror of the ſtranger; he that is like the vapour of death *), ſlowly borne

*) Οἵη δ' ἐκ νεφέων ἐρεβεννὴ φαίνεται ἀὴρ
Καύματος ἐξ ἀνέμοιο δυσαέος ὀρνυμένοιο.
HOM. Il. 5.

As vapours blown by Auſter's ſultry breath,
Pregnant with plagues, and ſhedding ſeeds of death,
Beneath the rage of burning Sirius riſe,
Choke the parch'd earth, and blacken all the ſkies. POPE.

borne by ſultry winds. The ſun reddens in its preſence, the people fall around.

Such was the ſong of Carril, when a ſon of the foe appeared; he threw down his pointleſs ſpear, and ſpoke the words of Torlath, Torlath the chief of heroes, from Lego's ſable ſurge: he that led his thouſands to battle, againſt car-borne Cormac, Cormac, who was diſtant far, in Temora's *) ecchoing halls: he learned to bend the bow of his fathers; and to liſt the ſpear. Nor long didſt thou liſt the ſpear, mildly-ſhining beam of youth! death ſtands dim behind thee, like the darkened half of the moon behind its growing light.

Cuchullin roſe before the bard **), that came from generous Torlath; he offered him the

*) The royal palace of the Iriſh kings; Teamhrath according to ſome of the bards.

**) The bards were the heralds of ancient times; and their perſons were ſacred on account of their office. In later times they abuſed that privilege; and as their perſons were inviolable, they ſatyriſed and lampooned ſo freely thoſe who were not liked by their patrons, that they became a public

the ſhell of joy, and honoured the ſon of ſongs. Sweet voice of Lego! he ſaid, what are the words of Torlath? Comes he to our feaſt or battle, the car-borne ſon of Cantela *)?

He comes to thy battle, replied the bard, to the ſounding ſtrife of ſpears. —— When morning is gray on Lego, Torlath will fight on the plain: and wilt thou meet him, in thine arms, king of the Iſle of miſt? Terrible is the ſpear of Torlath! it is a meteor of night. He lifts it; and the people fall: death ſits in the lightning of his ſword.

Do I fear, replied Cuchullin, the ſpear of car-borne Torlath? He is brave as a thouſand heroes; but my ſoul delights in war. The ſword reſts not by the ſide of Cuchullin, bard of the times of old! Morning ſhall meet me on the plain, and gleam on the blue arms of Semo's ſon. —— But ſit thou, on the heath, o bard! and let us hear thy voice: partake of the joyful ſhell; and hear the ſongs of Temora.

This

public nuiſance. Screened under the character of heralds, they grosly abuſed the enemy, when he would not accept the terms they offered.

*) Cean-teola', *head of the family.*

This is no time, replied the bard, to hear the ſong of joy; when the mighty are to meet in battle, like the ſtrength of the waves of Lego. Why art thou ſo dark, Slimora! *) with all thy ſilent woods? No green ſtar trembles on thy top; no moon-beam on thy ſide. But the meteors of death are there, and the gray watry forms of ghoſts. Why art thou dark, Slimora! with thy ſilent woods?

He retired, in the ſound of his ſong; Carril accompainied his voice. The muſic was like the memory of joys that are paſt, pleaſant and mournful to the ſoul. The ghoſts of departed bards heard it from Slimora's ſide. Soft ſounds ſpread along the wood, and the ſilent valleys of night rejoice. —— So, when he ſits in the ſilence of noon, in the valley of his breeze, the humming of the mountain-bee comes to Oſſian's ear: the gale drowns it often in its courſe; but the pleaſant ſound returns again.

Raiſe, ſaid Cuchullin, to his hundred bards, the ſong of the noble Fingal: that ſong, which he hears at night, when the dreams of his reſt deſcend; when the bards ſtrike the diſtant

*) Slia'-mór, *great hill.*

diſtant harp, and the faint light gleams on Selma's walls. Or let the grief of Lara riſe, and the ſighs of the mother of Calmar *), when he was ſought, in vain, on his hills; and ſhe beheld his bow in the hall. —— Carril, place the ſhield of Caithbat on that branch; and let the ſpear of Cuchullin be near; that the ſound of my battle may riſe with the gray beam of the eaſt.

The hero leaned on his father's ſhield: the ſong of Lara roſe. The hundred bards were diſtant far: Carril alone is near the chief. The words of the ſong were his; and the ſound of his harp was mournful.

Alclétha **) with the aged locks! mother of car-borne Calmar! why doſt thou look towards

*) Calmar the ſon of Matha. His death is related at large, in the third book of Fingal. He was the only ſon of Matha; and the family was extinct in him. —— The ſeat of the family was on the banks of the river Lara, in the neighbourhood of Lego, and probably near the place where Cuchullin lay; which circumſtance ſuggeſted to him the lamentation of Alclétha over her ſon.

**) Ald-cla'tha, *decaying beauty;* probably a poetical name given the mother of Calmar, by the bard himſelf.

towards the deſart, to behold the return of thy ſon? Theſe are not his heroes, dark on the heath: nor is that the voice of Calmar: it is but the diſtant grove, Alclétha! but the roar of the mountain-wind!

Who *) bounds over Lara's ſtream, ſiſter of the noble Calmar? Does not Alclétha behold his ſpear? But her eyes are dim! Is it not the ſon of Matha, daughter of my love?

It is but an aged oak, Alclétha! replied the lovely-weeping Alona **); it is but an oak, Alclétha, bent over Lara's ſtream. But who comes along the plain? ſorrow is in his ſpeed. He liſts high the ſpear of Calmar. Alclétha, it is covered with blood!

But it is covered with the blood of foes ***), ſiſter of car-borne Calmar! his ſpear

*) Alclétha ſpeaks. Calmar had promiſed to return, by a certain day; and his mother and his ſiſter Alona are repreſented by the bard, and looking, with impatience, towards that quarter, where they exſpected Calmar would make his firſt appearance.

**) Alúine, *exquiſitely beautiful.*

***) Alclétha ſpeaks.

ſpear never returned unſtained with blood *), nor his bow from the ſtrife of the mighty. The battle is conſumed in his preſence: he is a flame of death, Alona! —— Youth **) of the mournful ſpeed! where is the ſon of Alclêtha? Does he return with his fame? in the midſt of his ecchoing ſhields? —— Thou art dark and ſilent! —— Calmar is then no more. Tell me not, warrior, how he fell, for I cannot hear of his wound. ——

Why doſt thou look towards the deſart, mother of car-borne Calmar? ——

Such was the ſong of Carril, when Cuchullin lay on his ſhield: the bards reſted on their harps, and ſleep fell ſoftly around. —— The ſon of Semo was awake alone; his ſoul was fixed on the war. —— The burning oaks began to decay; faint red light is ſpread around.

*) From the blood of the ſlain, from the fat of the mighty, the bow of Jonathan returned not back, and the ſword of Saul returned not empty. 2 Sam. i, 22.

**) She addreſſes herſelf to Larnir, Calmar's friend, who had returned with the news of his death.

around. —— A feeble voice is heard: the ghoſt of Calmar came. He ſtalked in the beam. Dark is the wound in his ſide. His hair is disordered and looſe. Joy ſits darkly on his face: and he ſeems to invite Cuchullin to his cave.

Son of the cloudy night! ſaid the riſing chief of Erin; why doſt thou bend thy dark eyes on me, ghoſt of the car-borne Calmar? Wouldeſt thou frighten me, o Matha's ſon! from the battles of Cormac? Thy hand was not feeble in war; neither was thy voice *) for peace. How art thou changed, chief of Lara! if thou now doſt adviſe to fly! —— But, Calmar, I never fled. I never feared **) the ghoſts of the deſart. Small is their knowledge, and weak their hands; their dwelling is in the wind. —— But my ſoul grows in danger, and rejoices in the noiſe of ſteel. Retire thou to the cave: thou art not Calmar's ghoſt; he delighted in battle, and his arm was like the thunder of heaven.

He retired in his blaſt with joy, for he had heard the voice of his praiſe. The faint beam

*) See Calmar's ſpeech, in the firſt book of Fingal.

**) See Cuchullin's reply to Connal, concerning Crugal's ghoſt. Fing. b. 2.

beam of the morning roſe, and the ſound of Caithbat's buckler ſpread. Green Ullin's warriors convened; like the roar of many ſtreams. — The horn of war is heard over Lego; the mighty Torlath came.

Why doſt thou come with thy thouſands, Cuchullin? ſaid the chief of Lego. I know the ſtrength of thy arm, and thy ſoul is an unexſtinguiſhed fire. —— Why fight we not on the plain, and let our hoſts behold our deeds? Let them behold us like roaring waves, that tumble round a rock: the mariners haſten away, and look on their ſtrife with fear.

Thou riſeſt, like the ſun, on my ſoul, replied the ſon of Semo. Thine arm is mighty, o Torlath! and worthy of my wrath. Retire, ye men of Ullin, to Slimora's ſhady ſide; behold the chief of Erin, in the day of his fame. — Carril! tell to mighty Connal, if Cuchullin muſt fall, tell him, I accuſed the winds which roar on Togorma's waves. —— Never was he abſent in battle, when the ſtrife of my fame aroſe. —— Let his ſword be before Cormac, like the beam of heaven; let his counſel ſound in Temora in the day of danger.

He ruſhed, in the ſound of his arms, like the terrible ſpirit of Loda *), when he comes in the roar of a thouſand ſtorms, and ſcatters battles from his eyes. — He ſits on a cloud over Lochlin's ſeas: his mighty hand is on his ſword, and the winds lift his flaming locks. — So terrible was Cuchullin in the day of his fame. —— Torlath fell by his hand, and Lego's heroes mourned. —— They gather around the chief, like the clouds of the deſart. —— A thouſand ſwords roſe at once; a thouſand arrows flew; but he ſtood like a rock in the midſt

*) Loda, in the third book of Fingal, is mentioned as a place of worſhip in Scandinavia: by the *ſpirit of Loda*, the poet probably means Odin, the great deity of the northern nations. He is deſcribed here with all his terrors about him, not unlike Mars, as he is introduced in a ſimile, in the ſeventh Iliad.

—— —— δῖός τε πελώριος ἔρχεται Ἄρης,
Ος τ' εἰσιν πόλεμόνδε μετ' ἀνέρας, ὅυνε κρονίων
Θυμοβόρε ἔριδος μενεϊ ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι.

So ſtalks in arms the grisly god of Thrace,
When Jove to puniſh faithleſs men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waſt of wars.

POPE.

midſt of a roaring ſea. —— They fell around; he ſtrode in blood: dark Slimora ecchoed wide. —— The ſons of Ullin came, and the battle ſpread over Lego. —— The chief of Erin overcame; he returned over the field with his fame. ——

But pale he returned! The joy of his face was dark. He rolled his eyes in ſilence. — The ſword hung, unſheathed, in his hand, and his ſpear bent at every ſtep.

Carril, ſaid the king in ſecret, the ſtrength of Cuchullin fails. My days are with the years that are paſt; and no morning of mine ſhall ariſe. —— They ſhall ſeek me at Temora, but I ſhall not be found. Cormac will weep in his hall, and ſay, "Where is Tura's chief?" —— But my name is renowned! my fame in the ſong of bards. —— The youth will ſay in ſecret, o let me die as Cuchullin died: renown cloathed him like a robe; and the light of his fame is great. Draw the arrow from my ſide; and lay Cuchullin beneath that oak. Place the ſhield of Caithbat near, that they may behold me amidſt the arms of my fathers. ——

And

And is the ſon of Semo fallen *)? ſaid Carril with a ſigh. —— Mournful are Tura's walls; and ſorrow dwells at Dunscaich. —— Thy ſpouſe is left alone in her youth, the ſon **) of thy love is alone. —— He ſhall come to Bragela, and aſk her why ſhe weeps. — He ſhall lift his eyes to the wall, and ſee his father's ſword. —— Whoſe ſword is that? he will ſay: and the ſoul of his mother is ſad. Who is that, like the hart of the deſart, in the

*) The Iriſh hiſtorians have placed Cuchullin in the firſt century. — The tranſlator has given his reaſons for fixing him in the third, in the diſſertation, which is prefixed to this collection. In other particulars the accounts of Keating and O' Flaherty coincide pretty nearly with Oſſian's poems, and the traditions of the Highlands and Iſles. They ſay, that he was killed in the twenty-ſeventh year of his age, and they give him a great character for his wisdom and valour.

**) Conloch, who was afterwards very famous for his great exploits in Ireland. He was ſo remarkable for his dexterity in handling the javelin, that, when a good marksman is deſcribed, it has paſſed into a proverb, in the north of Scotland, *He is unerring as the arm of Conloch.*

the murmur of his courſe? —— His eyes look wildly round in ſearch of his friend. — Connal, ſon of Colgar, where haſt thou been, when the mighty fell? Did the ſeas of Togorma roll round thee? Was the wind of the ſouth in thy ſails? The mighty have fallen in battle, and thou waſt not there. —— Let none tell it in Selma, nor in Morven's woody land; Fingal will be ſad, and the ſons of the deſart mourn.

By the dark-rolling waves of Lego they raiſed the hero's tomb. —— Luäth *), at a diſtance, lies, the companion of Cuchullin, at the chace. —— Bleſt **) be thy ſoul, ſon of Semo;

*) It was of old the cuſtom, to bury the favourite dog near the maſter. This was not peculiar to the ancient Scots; for we find it practiſed by many other nations in their ages of heroiſm. —— There is a ſtone ſhown ſtill at Dunscaich in the Iſle of Sky, to which Cuchullin commonly bound his dog Luäth. —— The ſtone goes by his name to this day.

**) This is the ſong of the bards over Cuchullin's tomb. Every ſtanza cloſes with ſome remarkable title

Semo; thou wert mighty in battle. —— Thy ſtrength was like the ſtrength of a ſtream: thy ſpeed like the eagle's *) wing. —— Thy path in the battle was terrible: the ſteps of death were behind thy ſword. —— Bleſt be thy ſoul, ſon of Semo; car-borne chief of Dunscaich!

Thou haſt not fallen by the ſword of the mighty, neither was thy blood on the ſpear of the valiant. —— The arrow came, like the ſting of death in a blaſt: nor did the feeble hand, which drew the bow, perceive it. Peace to thy ſoul, in thy cave, chief of the iſle of miſt!

The mighty are diſperſed at Temora: there is none in Cormac's hall. The king mourns in his youth, for he does not behold thy coming. The ſound of thy ſhield is ceaſed: his foes are gathering round. Soft be thy reſt in thy cave, chief of Erin's wars!

Bragela

title of the hero, which was always the cuſtom in funeral elegies. —— The verſe of the ſong is a lyric meaſure, and it was of old ſung to the harp.

*) They were ſwifter than eagles, they were ſtronger than lions. 2 Sam. i, 23.

Bragela will not hope thy return, or ſee thy ſails in ocean's foam. —— Her ſteps are not on the ſhore: nor her ear open to the voice of thy rowers. —— She ſits in the hall of ſhells, and ſees the arms of him that is no more. —— Thine eyes are full of tears, daughter of car-borne Sorglan! —— Bleſt be thy ſoul in death, o chief of ſhady Cromla!

DAR-

DAR-THULA:

A POEM *).

Daughter of heaven **), fair art thou! the ſilence of thy face is pleaſant. Thou comeſt forth in lovelineſs: the ſtars attend thy blue ſteps in the eaſt. The clouds rejoice in thy

*) It may not be improper here, to give the ſtory, which is the foundation of this poem, as it is handed down by tradition. —— Usnoth, lord of Etha, which is probably that part of Argyleſhire, which is near Loch Eta, an arm of the ſea in Lorn, had three ſons, Nathos, Althos, and Ardan, by Sliſſama, the daughter of Semo and ſiſter to the celebrated Cuchullin. The three brothers, when very young, were ſent over to Ireland, by their father, to learn the uſe of arms, under their uncle Cuchullin, who made a great figure in that kingdom. They were juſt landed in Ulſter, when the news of Cuchullin's death arrived. Nathos, though very young, took the command of Cuchullin's army, made head againſt Cairbar the uſurper, and defeated him in ſeveral batt-

thy preſence, o moon, and brighten their dark-brown ſides. Who is like thee in heaven, daughter of the night? The ſtars are aſhamed in

battles. Cairbar at laſt having found means to murder Cormac the lawful king, the army of Nathos ſhifted ſides, and he himſelf was obliged to return into Ulſter, in order to paſs over into Scotland.

Dar-thula, the daughter of Colla, with whom Cairbar was in love, reſided, on that time, in Selama a caſtle in Ulſter: ſhe ſaw, fell in love, and fled with Nathos; but a ſtorm riſing at ſea, they were unfortunately driven back on that part of the coaſt of Ulſter, where Cairbar was encamped with his army, waiting for Fingal, who meditated an expedition into Ireland, to re-eſtabliſh the Scotch race of kings on the throne of that kingdom. The three brothers, after having defended themſelves, for ſome time, with great bravery, were overpowered and ſlain, and the unfortunate Dar-thula killed herſelf upon the body of her beloved Nathos.

Oſſian opens the poem, on the night preceding the death of the ſons of Usnoth, and brings in, by way of epiſode, what paſſed before. He relates the death of Dar-thula differently from the

in thy preſence, and turn aſide their green, ſparkling eyes. —— Whither doſt thou retire from thy courſe, when the darkneſs *) of thy countenance grows? Haſt thou thy hall like Oſſian? Dwelleſt thou in the ſhadow of grief? Have thy ſiſters fallen from heaven? Are they who rejoiced with thee, at night, no more? — Yes! —— they have fallen, fair light! and thou doſt often retire to mourn. —— But thou thyſelf ſhalt fail, one night; and leave thy blue path in heaven. The ſtars will then lift their green heads; they who were aſhamed in thy preſence, will rejoice.

Thou art now clothed with thy brightneſs: look from thy gates in the ſky. Burſt the cloud, o wind, that the daughter of night may look forth; that the ſhaggy mountains may brighten, and the ocean roll its blue waves in light.

Nathos

common tradition; his account is the moſt probable, as ſuicide ſeems to have been unknown in thoſe early times: for no traces of it are found in the old poetry.

**) The addreſs to the moon is very beautiful in the original. It is in a lyric meaſure, and appears to have been ſung to the harp.

*) The poet means the moon in her wane.

Nathos *) is on the deep, and Althos that beam of youth, Ardan is near his brothers; they move in the gloom of their courſe. The ſons of Usnoth move in darkneſs, from the wrath of car-borne Cairbar **).

Who is that dim, by their ſide? the night has covered her beauty. Her hair ſighs on ocean's wind; her robe ſtreams in duſky wreaths. She is like the fair ſpirit of heaven, in the midſt of his ſhadowy miſt. Who is it but Dar-thula ***), the firſt of Erin's maids? She has fled from the love of Cairbar, with the car-borne Nathos. But the winds deceive thee, o Dar-

*) Nathos ſignifies *youthful*, Ailthos, *exquiſite beauty*, Ardan, *pride*.

**) Cairbar, who murdered Cormac king of Ireland, and uſurped the throne. He was afterwards killed by Oſcar the ſon of Oſſian, in a ſingle combat. The poet, upon other occaſions, gives him the epithet of red-haired.

***) Dar-thúla, or Dart-'huile, *a woman with fine eyes*. She was the moſt famous beauty of antiquity. To this day, when a woman is praiſed for her beauty, the common phraſe is, that *ſhe is as lovely as Dar-thula*.

o Dar-thula; and deny the woody Etha to thy ſails. Theſe are not thy mountains, Nathos, nor is that the roar of thy climbing waves. The halls of Cairbar are near; and the towers of the foe lift their heads. Ullin ſtretches its green head into the ſea; and Tura's bay receives the ſhip. Where have ye been, ye ſouthern winds! when the ſons of my love were deceived? But ye have been ſporting on plains, and purſuing the thiſtle's beard, O that ye had been ruſtling in the ſails of Nathos, till the hills of Etha roſe! till they roſe in their clouds, and ſaw their coming chief! Long haſt thou been abſent, Nathos! and the day of thy return is paſt *).

But the land of ſtrangers ſaw thee, lovely: thou waſt lovely in the eyes of Dar-thula. Thy face was like the light of the morning, thy hair like the raven's wing. Thy ſoul was generous and mild, like the hour of the ſetting ſun. Thy words were the gale of the reeds, or the gliding ſtream of Lora.

But

*) That is, the day appointed by deſtiny. We find no deity in Oſſian's poetry, if Fate is not one; of that he is very full in ſome of his poems in the tranſlator's hands.

But when the rage of battle roſe, thou waſt like a ſea in a ſtorm; the clang of arms was terrible: the hoſt vaniſhed at the ſound of thy courſe. —— It was then Dar-thula beheld thee, from the top of her moſſy tower: from the tower of Seláma *), where her fathers dwelt.

Lovely art thou, o ſtranger! ſhe ſaid, for her trembling ſoul aroſe. Fair art thou in thy battles, friend of the fallen Cormac **)! Why doſt thou ruſh on, in thy valour, youth of the ruddy look? Few are thy hands, in battle, againſt the car-borne Cairbar —— O that I might

*) The poet does not mean that Seláma, which is mentioned as the ſeat of Toſcar in Ulſter, in the poem of Conlath and Cuthana. The word in the original ſignifies either *beautyful to behold*, or a place *with a pleaſant or wide proſpect*. In thoſe times, they built their houſes upon eminences, to command a view of the country, and to prevent their being ſurprized; many of them, on that account, were called Seláma. The famous Selma of Fingal is derived from the ſame root.

**) Cormac the young king of Ireland, who was murdered by Cairbar.

might be freed of his love *)! that I might rejoice in the preſence of Nathos! —— Bleſt are the rocks of Etha; they will behold his ſteps at the chace! they will ſee his white boſom, when the winds lift his raven hair!

Such were thy words, Dar-thula, in Selma's moſſy towers. But, now, the night is round thee: and the winds have deceived thy ſails. The winds have deceived thy ſails, Dar-thula: their bluſtering ſound is high. Ceaſe a little while, o north-wind, and let me hear the voice of the lovely. Thy voice is lovely, Dar-thula, between the ruſtling blaſts.

Are theſe the rocks of Nathos, on the roar of his mountain-ſtreams? Comes that beam of light from Usnoth's nightly hall? The miſt rolls around, and the beam is feeble: but the light of Dar-thula's ſoul is the car-borne chief of Etha! Son of the generous Usnoth, why that broken ſigh? Are we not in the land of ſtrangers, chief of ecchoing Etha?

Theſe are not the rocks of Nathos, he replied, nor the roar of his ſtreams. No light comes from Etha's halls, for they are diſtant far.

*) That is, of the love of Cairbar.

far. We are in the land of ſtrangers, in the land of car-borne Cairbar. The winds have deceived us, Dar-thula. Ullin lifts here her green hills. —— Go towards the north, Althos; be thy ſteps, Ardan, along the coaſt; that the foe may not come in darkneſs, and our hopes of Etha fail.

I will go towards that moſſy tower, and ſee who dwells about the beam. —— Reſt, Dar-thula, on the ſhore! reſt in peace, thou beam of light! the ſword of Nathos is around thee, like the lightning of heaven.

He went. She ſat alone, and heard the rolling of the wave. The big tear is in her eye; and ſhe looks for the car-borne Nathos. —— Her ſoul trembles at the blaſt. And ſhe turns her ear towards the tread of his feet. —— The tread of his feet is not heard. Where art thou, ſon of my love! The roar of the blaſt is around me. Dark is the cloudy night. —— But Nathos does not return. What detains thee, chief of Etha? — Have the foes met the hero in the ſtrife of the night? ——

He returned, but his face was dark: he had ſeen his departed friend. —— It was the wall of Tura, and the ghoſt of Cuchullin ſtalked there. The ſighing of his breaſt was frequent; and the decayed flame of his eyes terrible. His ſpear was a column of miſt: the ſtars looked dim through his form. His voice was like hollow wind in a cave: and he told the tale of grief. The ſoul of Nathos was ſad, like the ſun *) in the day of miſt, when his face is watry and dim.

Why art thou ſad, o Nathos, ſaid the lovely daughter of Colla? Thou art a pillar of light to Dar-thula: the joy of her eyes is in Etha's chief. Where is my friend **), but Nathos? My father reſts in the tomb. Silence dwells on Seláma; ſadneſs ſpreads on the blue ſtreams

*) *Conditus in nubem, medioque refugerit orbe.*
VIRG.

— Thro' miſts he ſhoots his ſullen beams,
Frugal of light, in looſe and ſtraggling ſtreams.
DRYDEN.

**) ——— οὐ γὰρ ετ' ἄλλη
Εσαι θαλπωρή, ———
——— ἀδε μοὶ ἐξὶ πατὴρ καὶ πότνια μήτηρ.
HOM. vi. 411.

ſtreams of my land. My friends have fallen, with Cormac. The mighty were ſlain in the battle of Ullin.

Evening darkened on the plain. The blue ſtreams failed before mine eyes. The unfrequent blaſt came ruſtling in the tops of Selá-ma's groves. My ſeat was beneath a tree on the walls of my fathers. Truthil paſt before my ſoul; the brother of my love; he that was abſent *) in battle againſt the car-borne Cairbar.

Bending on his ſpear, the gray-haired Colla came: his downcaſt face is dark, and ſorrow dwells in his ſoul. His ſword is on the ſide of the hero: the helmet of his fathers on his head. —— The battle grows in his breaſt. He ſtrifes to hide the tear.

Dar-thula, he ſighing ſaid, thou art the laſt of Colla's race. Truthil is fallen in battle. The king **) of Selâma is no more. —— Cairbar comes, with his thouſands, towards Selâma's walls. —— Colla will meet his pride, and

*) The family of Colla preſerved their loyalty to Cormac, long after the death of Cuchullin.

**) It is very common, in Oſſian's poetry, to give the title of king to every chief that was remarkable for his valour.

and revenge his ſon. But where ſhall I find thy ſafety, Dar-thula with the dark-brown hair! thou art lovely as the ſun-beam of heaven, and thy friends are low!

And is the ſon of battle fallen? I ſaid with a burſting ſigh. Ceaſed the generous ſoul of Truthil to lighten through the field? — My ſafety, Colla, is in that bow; I have learned to pierce the deer. Is not Cairbar like the hart of the deſart, father of fallen Truthil?

The face of age brightened with joy: and the crouded tears of his eyes poured down. The lips of Colla trembled. His gray beard whiſtled, in the blaſt. Thou art the ſiſter of Truthil, he ſaid, and thou burneſt in the fire of his ſoul. Take, Dar-thula, take that ſpear, that brazen ſhield, that burniſhed helmet: they are the ſpoils of a warrior, a ſon *) of early youth. —— When the light riſes on Seláma,

*) The poet, to make the ſtory of Dar-thula's arming herſelf for battle, more probable, makes her armour to be that of a very young man: otherwiſe it would ſhock all belief, that ſhe, who was very young, ſhould be able to carry it.

láma, we go to meet the car-borne Cairbar. — But keep thou near the arm of Colla; beneath the ſhadow of my ſhield. Thy father, Darthula, could once defend thee; but age is trembling on his hand. —— The ſtrength of his arm has failed, and his ſoul is darkened with grief.

We paſſed the night in ſorrow. The light of morning roſe. I ſhone in the arms of battle. The gray-haired hero moved before. The ſons of Selámra convened around the ſounding ſhield of Colla. But few were they in the plain, and their locks were gray. The youths had fallen with Truthil, in the battle of car-borne Cormac.

Companions of my youth! ſaid Colla, it was not thus you have ſeen me in arms. It was not thus I ſtrode to battle, when the great Confadan fell. But ye are laden with grief. The darkneſs of age comes like the miſt of the deſart. My ſhield is worn with years; my ſword is fixed *) in its place. I ſaid to my ſoul,

*) It was the cuſtom of theſe times, that every warrior, at a certain age, or when he became unfit for the field, fixed his arms, in the great hall, where

ſoul, thy evening ſhall be calm, and thy departure like a fading light. But the ſtorm has returned; I bend like an aged oak. My boughs are fallen on Seláma; and I tremble in my place. —— Where art thou, with thy fallen heroes, o my car-borne Truthil! Thou anſwereſt not from thy ruſhing blaſt; and the ſoul of thy father is ſad. But I will be ſad no more, Cairbar or Colla muſt fall. I feel the returning ſtrength of my arm. My heart leaps at the ſound of battle.

The hero drew his ſword. The gleaming blades of his people roſe. They moved along the plain. Their gray hair ſtreamed in the wind. —— Cairbar ſat, at the feaſt, in the ſilent plain of Lona *). He ſaw the coming of the heroes, and he called his chiefs to battle.

Why

where the tribe feaſted, upon joyful occaſions. He was afterwards never to appear in battle; and this ſtage of life was called the *time of fixing of the arms.*

**) Lona, *a marſhy plain.* It was the cuſtom, in the days of Oſſian, to feaſt after a victory. Cairbar had juſt provided an entertainment for his army, upon the defeat of Truthil the ſon of Colla,

and

Why *) ſhould I tell to Nathos, how the ſtrife of battle grew! I have ſeen thee, in the midſt of thouſands, like the beam of heaven's fire: it is beautiful, but terrible; the people fall in its red courſe. —— The ſpear of Colla flew, for he remembered the battles of his youth. An arrow came with its ſound, and pierced the heto's ſide. He fell on his ecchoing ſhield. My ſoul ſtarted with fear; I ſtretched my buckler over him: but my heaving breaſt was ſeen. Cairbar came, with his ſpear, and he beheld Selàma's maid: joy roſe on his dark-brown face; he ſtayed the lifted ſteel. He raiſed the tomb of Colla; and brought me weeping to Selàma. He ſpoke the words of love, but my ſoul was ſad. I ſaw the ſhields of my fathers, and the

and the reſt of the party of Cormac, when Colla and his aged warriors arrived to give him battle.

*) The poet avoids the deſcription of the battle of Lona, as it would be improper in the mouth of a woman; and could have nothing new, after the numerous deſcriptions, of that kind, in his other poems. He, at the ſame time, gives an opportunity to Dar-thula to paſs a fine compliment on her lover.

the ſword of car-borne Truthil. I ſaw the arms of the dead, and the tear was on my cheek.

Then thou didſt come, o Nathos: and gloomy Cairbar fled. He fled like the ghoſt of the deſart before the morning's beam. His hoſts were not near: and feeble was his arm againſt thy ſteel.

Why *) art thou ſad, o Nathos? ſaid the lovely maid of Colla.

I have met, replied the hero, the battle in my youth. My arm could not lift the ſpear, when firſt the danger roſe: but my ſoul brightened before the war, as the green narrow vale, when the ſun pours his ſtreamy beams, before he hides his head in a ſtorm. My ſoul brightened in danger, before I ſaw Seláma's fair; before I ſaw thee, like a ſtar, that ſhines on the hill, at night; the cloud ſlowly comes, and threatens the lovely light.

We

*) It is uſual with Oſſian, to repeat, at the end of the epiſodes, the ſentence which introduced them. It brings back the mind of the reader to the main ſtory of the poem.

We are in the land of the foe, and the winds have deceived us, Dar-thula! the ſtrength of our friends is not near, nor the mountains of Etha. Where ſhall I find thy peace, daughter of mighty Colla! the brothers of Nathos are brave: and his own ſword has ſhone in war. But what are the ſons of Usnoth to the hoſt of car-borne Cairbar! O that the winds had brought thy ſails, Oſcar *) king of men! thou didſt promiſe to come to the battles of fallen Cormac. Then would my hand be ſtrong as the flaming arm of death. Cairbar would tremble in his halls, and peace dwell round the lovely Dar-thula. But why doſt thou fall, my ſoul? The ſons of Usnoth may prevail.

And they will prevail, o Nathos, ſaid the riſing ſoul of the maid: never ſhall Dar-thula behold the halls of gloomy Cairbar. Give me thoſe arms of braſs, that glitter to that paſſing meteor; I ſee them in the dark-boſomed ſhip. Dar-thula will enter the battle of ſteel. —— Ghoſt

*) Oſcar, the ſon of Oſſian, had long reſolved on the expedition, into Ireland, againſt Cairbar, who had aſſaſſinated his friend Cathol, the ſon of Moran, an Iriſhman of noble extraction, and in the intereſt of the family of Cormac.

Ghoſt of the noble Colla! do I behold thee on that cloud! Who is that dim beſide thee? It is the car-borne Truthil. Shall I behold the halls of him that ſlew Seláma's chief? No: I will not behold them, ſpirits of my love!

Joy roſe in the face of Nathos, when he heard the white-boſomed maid. Daughter of Seláma! thou ſhineſt on my ſoul. Come, with thy thouſands, Cairbar! the ſtrength of Nathos is returned. And thou, o aged Usnoth, ſhalt not hear, that thy ſon has fled. I remember thy words on Etha; when my ſails begun to riſe: when I ſpread them towards Ullin, towards the moſſy walls of Tura. Thou goeſt, he ſaid, o Nathos, to the king of ſhields; to Cuchullin chief of men who never fled from danger. Let not thine arm be feeble: neither be thy thoughts of flight; leſt the ſon of Semo ſay, that Etha's race are weak. His words may come to Usnoth, and ſadden his ſoul in the hall. —— The tear was on his cheek. He gave this ſhining ſword.

I came to Tura's bay: but the halls of Tura were ſilent. I looked around, and there was none to tell of the chief of Dunscaich. I went to the hall of his ſhells, where the arms of

of his fathers hung. But the arms were gone, and aged Lamhor *) ſat in tears.

Whence are the arms of ſteel? ſaid the riſing Lamhor. The light of the ſpear has long been abſent from Tura's duſky walls. —— Come ye from the rolling ſea? Or from the mournful halls of Temora **)?

We come from the ſea, I ſaid, from Usnoth's riſing towers. We are the ſons of Slis-ſáma ***), the daughter of car-borne Semo. Where is Tura's chief, ſon of the ſilent hall? But why ſhould Nathos aſk? for I behold thy tears. How did the mighty fall, ſon of the lonely Tura?

He fell not, Lamhor replied, like the ſilent ſtar of night, when it ſhoots through darkneſs and is no more. But he was like a meteor that falls in a diſtant land; death attends

*) Lamh-mhor, *mighty hand.*

**) Temora was the royal palace of the ſupreme kings of Ireland. It is here called mournful, on account of the death of Cormac, who was murdered there by Cairbar, who uſurped his throne.

***) Slis-ſeamha, *ſoft boſom.* She was the wife of Usnoth, daughter of Semo the chief of the *iſle of miſt.*

tends its red courſe, and itſelf is the ſign of wars. —— Mournful are the banks of Lego, and the roar of ſtreamy Lara! There the hero fell, ſon of the noble Usnoth.

And the hero fell in the midſt of ſlaughter, I ſaid with a burſting ſigh. His hand was ſtrong in battle, and death was behind his ſword. —— We came to Lego's mournful banks. We found his riſing tomb. His companions in battle are there; his bard of many ſongs. Three days we mourned over the hero: on the fourth, I ſtruck the ſhield of Caithbat. The heroes gathered around with joy, and ſhook their beamy ſpears.

Corlath was near with his hoſt, the friend of car-borne Cairbar. We came like a ſtream by night, and his heroes fell. When the people of the valley roſe, they ſaw their blood with morning's light. But we rolled away, like wreaths of miſt, to Cormac's ecchoing hall. Our ſwords roſe to defend the king. But Temora's halls were empty. Cormac had fallen in his youth. The king of Erin was no more.

Sadneſs ſeized the ſons of Ullin, they ſlowly gloomily retired: like clouds, that, long having

having threatened rain, retire behind the hills. The ſons of Usnoth moved, in their grief, towards Tura's ſounding bay. We paſſed by Selâma, and Cairbar retired like Lano's miſt, when it is driven by the winds of the deſart.

It was then I beheld thee, o maid, like the light of Etha's ſun. Lovely is that beam, I ſaid, and the crowded ſigh of my boſom roſe. Thou cameſt in thy beauty, Dar-thula, to Etha's mournful chief. —— But the winds have deceived us, daughter of Colla, and the foe is near.

Yes! —— the foe is near, ſaid the ruſtling ſtrength of Althos *). I heard their clanging arms on the coaſt, and ſaw the dark wreaths of Erin's ſtandard. Diſtinct is the voice of Cairbar **), and loud as Cromla's falling ſtream.

*) Althos had juſt returned from viewing the coaſt of Lena, whither he had been ſent by Nathos, the beginning of the night.

**) Cairbar had gathered an army, to the coaſt of Ulſter, in order to oppoſe Fingal, who prepared for an expedition into Ireland, to re-eſtabliſh the houſe of Cormac on the throne, which Cairbar had uſurped. Between the wings of Cairbar's

ſtream. He had ſeen the dark ſhip on the ſea, before the duſky night came down. His people watch on Lena's *) plain, and lift ten thouſand ſwords.

And let them lift ten thouſand ſwords, ſaid Nathos with a ſmile. The ſons of carborne Usnoth will never tremble in danger. Why doſt thou roll with all thy foam, thou roaring ſea of Ullin? Why do ye ruſtle, on your dark wings, ye whiſtling tempeſts of the ſky? —— Do ye think, ye ſtorms, that ye keep Nathos on the coaſt? No: his ſoul detains him, children of the night! —— Althos! bring my father's arms: thou ſeeſt them beaming to the ſtars. Bring the ſpear of Semo **), it ſtands in the dark-boſomed ſhip.

He

army was the bay of Tura, into which the ſhip of the ſons of Usnoth was driven: ſo that there was no poſſibility of their eſcaping.

*) The ſcene of the preſent poem is nearly the ſame with that of the epic poem in this collection. The heath of Lena and Tura are often mentioned.

**) Semo was grandfather to Nathos by the mother's ſide. The ſpear mentioned here was given to Usnoth on his marriage, it being the cuſtom then for

He brought the arms. Nathos clothed his limbs in all their ſhining ſteel. The ſtride of the chief is lovely: the joy of his eyes terrible. He looks towards the coming of Cairbar. The wind is ruſtling in his hair. Dar-thula is ſilent at his ſide: her look is fixed on the chief. She ſtrives to hide the riſing ſigh, and two tears ſwell in her eyes.

Althos! ſaid the chief of Etha, I ſee a cave in that rock. Place Dar-thula there: and let thy arm be ſtrong. Ardan! we meet the foe, and call to battle gloomy Cairbar. O that he came in his ſounding ſteel, to meet the ſon of Usnoth! —— Dar-thula! if thou ſhalt eſcape, look not on the falling Nathos. Lift thy ſails, o Althos, towards the ecchoing groves of Etha.

Tell to the chief *), that his ſon fell with fame; that my ſword did not ſhun the battle. Tell him, I fell in the midſt of thouſands, and let

for the father of the lady, to give his arms to his ſon-in-law. The ceremony uſed upon theſe occaſions is mentioned in other poems.

*) Usnoth.

let the joy of his grief be great. Daughter of Colla! call the maids to Etha's ecchoing hall. Let their ſongs ariſe from Nathos, when ſhadowy autumn returns. —— O that the voice of Cona *) might be heard in my praiſe! then would my ſpirit rejoice in the midſt of my mountain-winds.

And my voice ſhall praiſe thee, Nathos, chief of the woody Etha! The voice of Oſſian ſhall riſe in thy praiſe, ſon of the generous Usnoth! Why was I not on Lena, when the battle roſe? Then would the ſword of Oſſian have defended thee, or himſelf have fallen low.

We ſat, that night, in Selma round the ſtrength of the ſhell. The wind was abroad, in the oaks; the ſpirit of the mountain **) ſhrieked. The blaſt came ruſtling through the hall, and gently touched my harp. The ſound was mournful and low, like the ſong of the tomb. Fingal heard it firſt, and the crowded ſighs

*) Oſſian, the ſon of Fingal, is, often, poetically called the voice of Cona.

**) By the ſpirit of the mountain is meant that deep and melancholy ſound, which precedes a ſtorm; well known to thoſe who live in a high country.

ſighs of his boſom roſe. —— Some of my heroes are low, ſaid the gray-haired king of Morven. I hear the ſound of death on the harp of my ſon. Oſſian, touch the ſounding ſtring; bid the ſorrow riſe; that their ſpirits may fly with joy to Morven's woody hills.

I touched the harp before the king, the ſound was mournful and low. Bend forward from your clouds, I ſaid, ghoſts of my fathers! bend; lay by the red terror of your courſe, and receive the falling chief; whether he comes from a diſtant land, or riſes from the rolling ſea. Let his robe of miſt be near; his ſpear that is formed of a cloud. Place an half-extinguiſhed meteor by his ſide, in the form of the hero's ſword. And, oh! let his countenance be lovely, that his friends may delight in his preſence. Bend from your clouds, I ſaid, ghoſts of my fathers! bend.

Such was my ſong, in Selma, to the lightly-trembling harp. But Nathos was on Ullin's ſhore, ſurrounded by the night; he heard the voice of the foe amidſt the roar of tumbling waves. Silent he heard their voice, and reſted on his ſpear.

Morning roſe, with its beams: the ſons of Erin appear; like gray rocks, with all their trees, they ſpread along the coaſt. Cairbar ſtood, in the midſt, and grimly ſmiled, when he ſaw the foe.

Nathos ruſhed forward, in his ſtrength; nor could Dar-thula ſtay behind. She came with the hero, lifting her ſhining ſpear. And who are theſe, in their armour, in the pride of youth? Who but the ſons of Usnoth, Althos and dark-haired Ardan?

Come, ſaid Nathos, come! chief of the high Temora. Let our battle be on the coaſt, for the white-boſomed maid. His people are not with Nathos; they are behind that rolling ſea. Why doſt thou bring thy thouſands againſt the chief of Etha? Thou didſt fly *) from him, in battle, when his friends were around him.

Youth of the heart of pride, ſhall Erin's king fight with thee? Thy fathers were not among the renowned, nor of the kings of men. Are the arms of foes in their halls? Or the ſhields of other times? Cairbar is renowned in Temora, nor does he fight with little men.

The

*) He alludes to the flight of Cairbar from Selama.

The tear ſtarts from car-borne Nathos; he turned his eyes to his brothers. Their ſpears flew, at once, and three heroes lay on earth. Then the light of their ſwords gleamed on high; the ranks of Erin yield; as a ridge of dark clouds before a blaſt of wind.

Then Cairbar ordered his people, and they drew a thouſand bows. A thouſand arrows flew; the ſons of Usnoth fell. They fell like three young oaks, which ſtood alone on the hill: the traveller ſaw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew ſo lonely; the blaſt of the deſart came, by night, and laid their green heads low; next day he returned, but they were withered, and the heath was bare.

Dar-thula ſtood in ſilent grief, and beheld their fall: no tear is in her eye; but her look is wildly ſad. Pale was her cheek; her trembling lips broke ſhort an half-formed word. Her dark hair flew on the wind. —— But gloomy Cairbar came. Where is thy lover now? the car-borne chief of Etha? Haſt thou beheld the halls of Usnoth? Or the dark-brown hills of Fingal? My battle had roared on Morven, did not the winds meet Dar-thula. Fingal himſelf would have been low, and ſorrow dwelling in Selma.

Her ſhield fell from Dar-thula's arm, her breaſt of ſnow appeared. It appeared, but it was ſtained with blood, for an arrow was fixed in her ſide. She fell on the fallen Nathos, like a wreath of ſnow. Her dark hair ſpreads on his face, and their blood is mixing round.

Daughter of Colla! thou art low! ſaid Cairbar's hundred bards; ſilence is at the blue ſtreams of Seláma, for Truthil's *) race have failed. When wilt thou riſe in thy beauty, firſt of Erin's maids? Thy ſleep is long in the tomb, and the morning diſtant far. The ſun ſhall not come to thy bed, and ſay, Awake **) Dar-thula! awake, thou firſt of women! the wind of ſpring is abroad. The flowers ſhake their

*) Truthil was the founder of Dar-thula's family.

**) Riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is paſt, the rain is over, and gone. The flowers appear on the earth; the time of ſinging is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, *with* the tender grape, give a *good* ſmell. Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away.

SOLOMON'S Song.

their heads on the green hills, the woods wave their growing leaves. Retire, o ſun, the daughter of Colla is aſleep. She will not come forth in her beauty: ſhe will not move, in the ſteps of her lovelineſs.

Such was the ſong of the bards, when they raiſed the tomb. I ſung, afterwards, over the grave, when the king of Morven came; when he came to green Ullin, to fight with car-borne Cairbar.

CAR-

CARRIC-THURA:
A POEM *).

Haſt **) thou left thy blue courſe in heaven, golden-haired ſon of the ſky? The weſt has opened its gates; the bed of thy repoſe is there. The waves come to behold thy beau-

*) Fingal, returning from an expedition, which he had made into the Roman province, reſolved to viſit Cathulla king of Inis-tore, and brother to Comála, whoſe ſtory is related, at large, in the dramatic poem, publiſhed in this collection. Upon his coming in ſight of Carric-thura, the palace of Cathulla, he obſerved a flame on its top, which, in thoſe days, was a ſignal of diſtreſs. The wind drove him into a bay, at ſome diſtance from Carric-thura, and he was obliged to paſs the night on the ſhore. Next day he attacked the army of Frothal king of Sora, who had beſieged Cathulla in his palace of Carric-thura, and took Frothal himſelf priſoner, after he had engaged him in a ſingle combat. The deliverance of Carric-thura is the ſubject of the poem, but ſeveral other epiſ-

odes

beauty: they lift their trembling heads: they ſee thee lovely in thy ſleep; but they ſhrink away with fear. Reſt, in thy ſhadowy cave, o ſun! and let thy return be in joy. —— But let a thouſand lights ariſe to the ſound of the harps of Selma: let the beam ſpread in the hall, the king of ſhells is returned! The ſtrife of Crona *) is paſt, like ſounds that are no more. Raiſe

odes are interwoven with it. It appears from tradition, that this poem was addreſſed to a Culdee, or one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries, and that the ſtory of the *Spirit of Loda*, ſuppoſed to be the ancient Odin of Scandinavia, was introduced by Oſſian in oppoſition to the Culdee's doctrine. Be this as it will, it lets us into Oſſian's notions of a ſuperior being; and ſhews that he was not addicted to the ſuperſtition, which prevailed all the world over, before the introduction of Chriſtianity.

**) The ſong of Ullin, with which the poem opens, is in a lyric meaſure. It was uſual with Fingal, when he returned from his expeditions, to ſend his bards ſinging before him. This ſpecies of triumph is called, by Oſſian, the *ſong of victory*.

*) Oſſian has celebrated the *ſtrife of Crona*, in a particular poem. This poem is connected with it, but

Raiſe the ſong, o bards! the king is returned with his fame!

Such was the ſong of Ullin, when Fingal returned from battle: when he returned in the fair bluſhing of youth; with all his heavy locks. His blue arms were on the hero; like a gray cloud on the ſun, when he moves in his robes of miſt, and ſhews but half his beams. His heroes follow the king: the feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. Fingal turns to his bards, and bids the ſong to riſe.

Voices of ecchoing Cona! he ſaid, o bards of other times! Ye, on whoſe ſouls the blue hoſts of our fathers riſe! ſtrike the harp in my hall; and let Fingal hear the ſong. Pleaſant is the joy of grief! it is like the ſhower of ſpring, when it ſoftens the branch of the oak, and the young leaf lifts its green head. Sing on, o bards, to-morrow we lift the ſail. My blue courſe is through the ocean, to Carric-thura's walls; the moſſy walls of Sarno, where Comála dwelt. There the noble Cathulla ſpreads the

but it was impoſſible for the tranſlator, to procure that part which relates to Crona, with any degree of purity.

the feaſt of ſhells. The boars of his woods are many, and the ſound of the chace ſhall ariſe.

Cronnan *), ſon of ſong! ſaid Ullin, Minona, graceful at the harp! raiſe the ſong of Shilric, to pleaſe the king of Morven. Let Vinvela come in her beauty, like the ſhowery bow, when it ſhews its lovely head on the lake, and the ſetting ſun is bright. And ſhe comes, o Fingal! her voice is ſoft, but ſad.

VINVELA.

My love is a ſon of the hill. He purſues the flying deer. His gray dogs are panting around him; his bow-ſtring ſounds in the wind. Doſt thou reſt by the fount of the rock, or by the noiſe of the mountain-ſtream? the ruſhes are nodding with the wind, the miſt is flying over the hill. I will approach my love unperceived,

*) One ſhould think, that the parts of Shilric and Vinvela were repreſented by Cronnan and Minona, whoſe very names denote that they were ſingers, who performed in public. Cronnan ſignifies *a mournful ſound;* Minona, or Min-'onn, *ſoft air.* All the dramatic poems of Oſſian appear to have been repreſented before Fingal, upon ſolemn occaſions.

ceived, and ſee him from the rock. Lovely I ſaw thee firſt by the aged oak of Branno *): thou wert returning tall from the chace; the faireſt among thy friends.

SHILRIC.

What voice is that I hear? that voice like the ſummer-wind. —— I ſit not by the nodding ruſhes; I hear not the fount of the rock. Afar, Vinvela **), afar I go to the wars of Fingal. My dogs attend me no more. No more I tread the hill. No more from on high I ſee thee, fair-moving by the ſtream of the plain; bright as the bow of heaven; as the moon on the weſtern wave.

VINVELA.

*) Bran, or Branno, ſignifies *a mountain-ſtream:* it is here ſome river known by that name, in the days of Oſſian. There are ſeveral ſmall rivers in the north of Scotland, ſtill retaining the name of Bran; in particular one which falls into the Tay at Dunkeld.

**) Bhin-bheul, *a woman with a melodious voice. Bh* in the Galic Language has the ſame ſound with the *v* in Engliſh.

VINVELA.

Then thou art gone, o Shilric! and I am alone on the hill. The deer are ſeen on the brow; void of fear they graze along. No more they dread the wind; no more the ruſtling tree. The hunter is far removed; he is in the field of graves. Strangers! ſons of the waves! ſpare my lovely Shilric.

SHILRIC.

If fall I muſt in the field, raiſe high my grave, Vinvela. Gray ſtones, and heaped-up earth, ſhall mark me to future times. When the hunter ſhall ſit by the mound, and produce his food at noon, "Some warrior reſts here," he will ſay; and my fame ſhall live in his praiſe. Remember me, Vinvela, when low on earth I lie!

VINVELA.

Yes! — I will remember thee — Indeed, my Shilric will fall. What ſhall I do, my love! when thou art gone for ever? Through theſe hills I will go at noon: I will go through the ſilent heath. There I will ſee the chace. Indeed, my Shilric will fall; but I will remember him.

And I remember the chief, ſaid the king of woody Morven; he conſumed the battle in his rage. But now my eyes behold him not. I met him, one day, on the hill; his cheek was pale; his brow was dark. The ſigh was frequent in his breaſt: his ſteps were towards the deſart. But now he is not in the crowd of my chiefs, when the ſounds of my ſhields ariſe. Dwells he in the narrow houſe *), the chief of high Carmora? **)

Cronnan! ſaid Ullin of other times, raiſe the ſong of Shilric; when he returned to his hills, and Vinvela was no more. He leaned on her gray moſſy ſtone; he thought Vinvela lived. He ſaw her fair-moving ***) on the plain: but the bright form laſted not: the ſun-beam fled from the field, and ſhe was ſeen no more. Hear the ſong of Shilric, it is ſoft but ſad.

I ſit by the moſſy fountain; on the top of the hill of winds. One tree is ruſtling abo-

ve

*) The grave.

**) Carn-mór, *high rocky hill.*

***) The diſtinction, which the ancient Scots made between good and bad ſpirits, was; that the former appeared ſometimes in the day-time in lonely unfrequented places, but the latter ſeldom but by night, and always in a diſmal gloomy ſcene.

ve me. Dark waves roll over the heath. The lake is troubled below. The deer deſcend from the hill. No hunter at a diſtance is ſeen; no whiſtling cow-herd is nigh. It is mid-day: but all is ſilent. Sad are my thoughts alone. Didſt thou but appear, o my love, a wanderer on the heath! thy hair floating on the wind behind thee; thy boſom heaving on the ſight; thine eyes full of tears for thy friends, whom the miſt of the hill had concealed! Thee I would comfort, my love, and bring thee to thy father's houſe.

But is it ſhe that there appears, like a beam of light on the heath? bright as the moon in autumn, as the ſun in a ſummer-ſtorm, comeſt thou, lovely maid, over rocks, over mountains to me? —— She ſpeaks: but how weak her voice! like the breeze in the reeds of the pool.

Returneſt thou ſafe from the war? Where are thy friends, my love? I heard of thy death on the hill; I heard and mourned thee, Shilric!

Yes, my fair, I return, but I alone of my race. Thou ſhalt ſee them no more: their graves I raiſed on the plain. But why art thou on the deſert hill? Why on the heath, alone?

Alone I am, o Shilric! alone in the winter-houſe. With grief for thee I exſpired. Shilric, I am pale in the tomb.

She fleets, ſhe ſails away; as gray miſt before the wind! —— and, wilt thou not ſtay, my love? Stay and behold my tears. Fair thou appeareſt, Vinvela! fair thou waſt, when alive!

By the moſſy fountain I will ſit; on the top of the hill of winds. When mid-day is ſilent around, converſe, o my love, with me! come on the wings of the gale! on the blaſt of the mountain, come! Let me hear thy voice, as thou paſſeſt, when mid-day is ſilent around.

Such was the ſong of Cronnan, on the night of Selma's joy. But morning roſe in the eaſt; the blue waters rolled in light. Fingal bade his ſails to riſe, and the winds come ruſtling from their hills. Inistore roſe to ſight, and Carric-thura's moſſy towers. But the ſign of diſtreſs was on their top: the green flame edged with ſmoke. The king of Morven ſtruck his breaſt: he aſſumed, at once, his ſpear. His darkened brow bends forward to the coaſt: he looks back to the lagging winds. His hair is disordered on his back. The ſilence of the king is terrible.

Night

Night came down on the ſea; Rotha's bay received the ſhip. A rock bends along the coaſt with all its ecchoing wood. On the top is the circle *) of Loda, and the moſſy ſtone of power. A narrow plain ſpreads beneath, covered with graſs and aged trees, which the midnight-winds, in their wrath, had torn from the ſhaggy rock. The blue courſe of a ſtream is there: and the lonely blaſt of ocean purſues the thiſtle's beard.

The flame of three oaks aroſe; the feaſt is ſpread around: but the ſoul of the king is ſad, for Carric-thura's battling chief. The wan, cold moon roſe, in the eaſt. Sleep deſcended on the youths. Their blue helmets glitter to the beam; the fading fire decays. But ſleep did not reſt on the king; he roſe in the midſt of his arms, and ſlowly aſcended the hill, to behold the flame of Sarno's tower.

The flame was dim and diſtant; the moon hid her red face in the eaſt. A blaſt came from the mountain, and bore, on its wings, the

*) *The circle of Loda* is ſuppoſed to be a place of worſhip among the Scandinavians, as the ſpirit of Loda is thought to be the ſame with their god Odin.

the ſpirit of Loda. He came to his place in his terrors *), and he ſhook his duſky ſpear. — His eyes appear like flames in his dark face; and his voice is like diſtant thunder. Fingal advanced with the ſpear of his ſtrength, and raiſed his voice on high.

Son of night, retire: call thy winds, and fly! Why doſt thou come to my preſence, with thy ſhadowy arms? Do I fear thy gloomy form, dismal ſpirit of Loda? Weak is thy ſhield of clouds: feeble is that meteor, thy ſword. The blaſt rolls them together; and thou thyſelf doſt vaniſh. Fly from my preſence, ſon of night! call thy winds, and fly!

Doſt thou force me from my place? replied the hollow voice. The people bend before me. I turn the battle in the field of the valiant. I look on the nations, and they vaniſh: my noſtrils pour the blaſt of death. I come **) abroad on the winds: the tempeſts are before my face. But my dwelling is calm; above the clouds, the fields of my reſt are pleaſant.

Dwell

*) He is deſcribed, in a ſimile, in the poem concerning the death of Cuchullin.

**) There is a great reſemblance between the terrors of this mock divinity, and thoſe of the true God, as they are deſcribed in the 18th Pſalm.

Dwell then in thy calm field, ſaid Fingal, and let Comhal's ſon be forgot. Do my ſteps aſcend, from my hills, into thy peaceful plains? Do I meet thee, with a ſpear, on thy cloud, ſpirit of dismal Loda? Why then doſt thou frown on Fingal? or ſhake thine airy ſpear? But thou frowneſt in vain: I never fled from mighty men. And ſhall the ſons of the wind frighten the king of Morven? No: he knows the weakneſs of their arms.

Fly to thy land, replied the form: receive the wind, and fly. The blaſts are in the hollow of my hand: the courſe of the ſtorm is mine. The king of Sora is my ſon, he bends at the ſtone of my power. His battle is around Carric-thura; and he will prevail. Fly to thy land, ſon of Comhal, or feel my flaming wrath.

He lifted high his ſhadowy ſpear; and bent forward his terrible height. But the king, advancing, drew his ſword; the blade of dark-brown Luno *). The gleaming path of the ſteel winds through the gloomy ghoſt. The form fell ſhapeleſs into air, like a column of ſmoke,

*) The famous ſword of Fingal, made by Lun, or Luno, a ſmith of Lochlin.

ſmoke, which the ſtaff of the boy disturbs, as it riſes from the half-exſtinguiſhed furnace.

The ſpirit of Loda ſhrieked, as, rolled into himſelf, he roſe on the wind. Inistore ſhook at the ſound. The waves heard it on the deep: they ſtopped, in their courſe, with fear; the companions of Fingal ſtarted, at once; and took their heavy ſpears. They miſſed the king: they roſe with rage; all their arms reſound.

The moon came forth in the eaſt. The king returned in the gleam of his arms. The joy of his youths was great: their ſouls ſettled, as a ſea from a ſtorm. Ullin raiſed the ſong of gladneſs. The hills of Inistore rejoiced. The flame of the oak aroſe; and the tales of heroes were told.

But Frothal, Sora's battling king, ſits in ſadneſs beneath a tree. The hoſt ſpreads around Carric-thura. He looks towards the walls with rage. He longs for the blood of Cathulla, who, once, overcame the king in war. —— When Annir reigned *) in Sora, the father of car-

borne

*) Annir was alſo the father of Erragon, who was killed after the death of his brother Frothal. The death of Erragon is the ſubject of *the battle of Lora*, a poem in this collection.

borne Frothal, a blaſt roſe on the ſea, and carried Frothal to Inistore. Three days he feaſted in Sarno's halls, and ſaw the ſlow rolling eyes of Comála. He loved her, in the rage of youth, and ruſhed to ſeize the white-armed maid. Cathulla met the chief. The gloomy battle roſe. Frothal is bound in the hall: three days he pined alone. On the fourth, Sarno ſent him to his ſhip, and he returned to his land. But wrath darkened in his ſoul againſt the noble Cathulla. When Annir's ſtone *) of fame aroſe, Frothal came in his ſtrength. The battle burned round Carric-thura, and Sarno's moſſy walls.

Morning roſe on Inistore. Frothal ſtruck his dark-brown ſhield. His chiefs ſtarted at the ſound; they ſtood, but their eyes were turned to the ſea. They ſaw Fingal coming in his ſtrength; and firſt the noble Thubar ſpoke.

Who comes like the ſtag of the mountain, with all his herd behind him? Frothal, it is a foe;

*) That is, after the death of Annir. To erect the ſtone of one's fame, was, in other words, to ſay that the perſon was dead.

foe; I ſee his forward ſpear. Perhaps it is the king of Morven, Fingal the firſt of men. His actions are well known on Gormal; the blood of his foes is in Starno's halls. Shall I aſk the peace *) of kings? He is like the thunder of heaven.

Son of the feeble hand, ſaid Frothal, ſhall my days begin in darkneſs? Shall I yield, before I have conquered in battle, chief of ſtreamy Tora? The people would ſay in Sora, Frothal flew forth like a meteor; but the dark cloud met it, and it is no more. No: Thubar, I will never yield; my fame ſhall ſurround me like light. No: I will never yield, king of ſtreamy Tora.

He went forth with the ſtream of his people, but they met a rock: Fingal ſtood unmoved, broken they rolled back from his ſide. Nor did they roll in ſafety; the ſpear of the king purſued their flight. The field is covered with heroes. A riſing hill preſerved the flying hoſt.

Frothal ſaw their flight. The rage of his boſom roſe. He bent his eyes to the ground, and called the noble Thubar. —— Thubar! my

*) Honourable terms of peace.

my people fled. My fame has ceaſed to riſe. I will fight the king; I feel my burning ſoul. Send a bard to demand the combat. Speak not againſt Frothal's words. —— But, Thubar! I love a maid; ſhe dwells by Thano's ſtream, the white-boſomed daughter of Herman, Utha with the ſoftly-rolling eyes. She feared the daughter *) of Inistore, and her ſoft ſighs roſe, at my departure. Tell to Utha, that I am low; but that my ſoul delighted in her.

Such were his words, reſolved to fight. But the ſoft ſigh of Utha was near. She had followed her hero over the ſea, in the armour of a man. She rolled her eye on the youth, in ſecret, from beneath a glittering helmet. But now ſhe ſaw the bard as he went, and the ſpear fell thrice from her hand. Her looſe hair flew on the wind. Her white breaſt roſe, with ſighs. She lifted up her eyes to the king; ſhe would ſpeak, but thrice ſhe failed.

Fingal heard the words of the bard; he came in the ſtrength of ſteel. They mixed their death-

*) By the daughter of Inistore, Frothal means Comala, of whoſe death Utha probably had not heard; conſequently ſhe feared, that the former paſſion of Frothal for Comála might return.

deathful ſpears, and raiſed the gleam of their ſwords. But the ſteel of Fingal deſcended, and cut Frothal's ſhield in twain. His fair ſide is expoſed; half-bent he fore-ſees his death.

Darkneſs gathered on Utha's ſoul. The tear rolled down her cheek. She ruſhed to cover the chief with her ſhield; but a fallen oak met her ſteps. She fell on her arm of ſnow; her ſhield, her helmet flew wide. Her white boſom heaved to the ſight; her dark-brown hair is ſpread on earth.

Fingal pitied the white-armed maid; he ſtayed the uplifted ſword. The tear was in the eye of the king, as, bending forward, he ſpoke. King of ſtreamy Sora! fear not the ſword of Fingal. It was never ſtained with the blood of the vanquiſhed; it never pierced a fallen foe. Let thy people rejoice along the blue waters of Tora: let the maids of thy love be glad. Why ſhouldeſt thou fall in thy youth, king of ſtreamy Sora?

Frothal heard the words of Fingal, and ſaw the riſing maid: they *) ſtood in ſilence, in their beauty; like two young trees of the plain, when the ſhower of ſpring is on their leaves, and the loud winds are laid.

Daugh-

*) Frothal and Utha.

Daughter of Herman, ſaid Frothal, didſt thou come from Tora's ſtreams; didſt thou come, in thy beauty, to behold thy warrior low? But he was low before the mighty, maid of the ſlow-rolling eye! The feeble did not overcome the ſon of car-borne Annir. Terrible art thou, o king of Morven! in battles of the ſpear. But, in peace, thou art like the ſun, when he looks through a ſilent ſhower: the flowers lift their fair heads before him; and the gales ſhake their ruſtling wings. O that thou wert in Sora! that my feaſt were ſpread! —— The future kings of Sora would ſee thy arms and rejoice. They would rejoice at the fame of their fathers, who beheld the mighty Fingal.

Son of Annir, replied the king, the fame of Sora's race ſhall be heard. — When chiefs are ſtrong in battle, then does the ſong ariſe! But if their ſwords are ſtretched over the feeble; if the blood of the weak has ſtained their arms: the bard ſhall forget them in the ſong, and their tombs ſhall not be known. The ſtranger ſhall come and build there, and remove the heaped-up earth. An half-worn ſword ſhall riſe before him; and bending above it, he will ſay, "Theſe are the arms of chiefs of old, but

"their

"their names are not in ſong." —— Come thou, o Frothal, to the feaſt of Inistore; let the maid of thy love be there; and our faces will brighten with joy.

Fingal took his ſpear, moving in the ſteps of his might. The gates of Carric-thura are opened. The feaſt of ſhells is ſpread. — The voice of Ullin was heard; the harp of Selma was ſtrung. Utha rejoiced in his preſence; and demanded the ſong of grief; the big tear hung in her eye, when the ſoft *) Crimora ſpoke; Crimora the daughter of Rinval, who dwelt at Lotha's **) mighty ſtream. The tale was long, but lovely; and pleaſed the bluſhing maid of Tora.

CRI-

*) There is a propriety in introducing this epiſode, as the ſituations of Crimora and Utha were ſo ſimilar.

**) Lotha was the ancient name of one of the great rivers in the north of Scotland. The only one of them, that ſtill retains a name of a like ſound, is Lochy, in Inverneſsſhire; but whether it is the river mentioned here, the translator will not pretend to ſay.

CRIMORA *).

Who cometh from the hill, like a cloud tinged with the beam of the weſt? Whoſe voice is that, loud as the wind, but pleaſant as the harp of Carril **)? It is my love in the light of ſteel; but ſad is his darkened brow. Live the mighty race of Fingal? or what diſturbs my Connal ***)?

CONNAL.

They live. I ſaw them return from the chace, like a ſtream of light. The ſun was on their ſhields. Like a ridge of fire they deſcended the hill. Loud is the voice of the youth; the war, my love, is near. To-morrow the terrible Dargo comes, to try the force of our race. The race of Fingal he defies; the race of battle and wounds.

CRI-

*) Cri-móra, *a woman of a great ſoul.*

**) Perhaps the Carril mentioned here is the ſame with Carril the ſon of Kinſena, Cuchullin's bard. The name itſelf is proper to any bard, as it ſignifies *a ſprightly and harmonious ſound.*

***) Connal, the ſon of Diaran, was one of the moſt famous heroes of Fingal; he was ſlain in a battle againſt Dargo a Briton; but whether by the hand of the enemy, or that of his miſtreſs, tradition does not determine.

CRIMORA.

Connal, I ſaw his ſails like gray miſt on the ſable wave. They ſlowly came to land. Connal, many are the warriors of Dargo!

CONNAL.

Bring me thy father's ſhield; the boſſy, iron ſhield of Rinval; that ſhield like the full moon, when it moves darkened through heaven.

CRIMORA.

That ſhield I bring, o Connal; but it did not defend my father. By the ſpear of Gormar he fell. Thou may'ſt fall, o Connal!

CONNAL.

Fall indeed I may: But raiſe my tomb, Crimora. Gray ſtones, a mound of earth, ſhall keep my memory. Bend thy red eye over my tomb, and beat thy mournful heaving breaſt. Though fair thou art, my love, as the light; more pleaſant than the gale of the hill: yet I will not ſtay. Raiſe my tomb, Crimora.

CRIMORA.

Then give me thoſe arms of light; that ſword, and that ſpear of ſteel. I ſhall meet

Dargo

Dargo with thee, and aid my lovely Connal. Farewel, ye rocks of Ardven! ye deer! and ye ſtreams of the hill! —— We ſhall return no more. Our tombs are diſtant far.

And did they return no more? ſaid Utha's burſting ſigh. Fell the mighty in battle, and did Crimora live? —— Her ſteps were lonely; and her ſoul was ſad for Connal. Was he not young and lovely; like the beam of the ſetting ſun? Ullin ſaw the virgin's tear, and took the ſoftly-trembling harp; the ſong was lovely, but ſad, and ſilence was in Carric-thura.

Autumn is dark on the mountains; gray miſt reſts on the hills. The whirlwind is heard on the heath. Dark rolls the river through the narrow plain. A tree ſtands alone on the hill, and marks the ſlumbering Connal. The leaves whirl round with the wind, and ſtrew the grave of the dead. At times are ſeen here the ghoſts of the deceaſed, when the muſing hunter alone ſtalks ſlowly over the heath.

Who can reach the ſource of thy race, o Connal? and who recount thy fathers? Thy family grew like an oak on the mountain, which meets the wind, with its lofty head. But now it is torn from the earth. Who ſhall ſupply the place of Connal?

Here was the din of arms; and here the groans of the dying. Bloody are the wars of Fingal! o Connal! it was here thou didſt fall. Thine arm was like a ſtorm; thy ſword a beam of the ſky; thy height, a rock on the plain; thine eyes, a furnace of fire. Louder than a ſtorm was thy voice, in the battles of the ſteel. Warriors fell by thy ſword, as the thiſtle by the ſtaff of a boy.

Dargo the mighty came on, like a cloud of thunder. His brows were contracted and dark. His eyes like two caves in a rock. Bright roſe their ſwords on each ſide; dire was the clang of their ſteel.

The daughter of Rinval was near; Crimora bright in the armour of man; her yellow hair is looſe behind, her bow is in her hand. She followed the youth to the war, Connal her much beloved. She drew the ſtring on Dargo; but erring pierced her Connal. He falls like an oak on the plain; like a rock from the ſhaggy hill. What ſhall ſhe do, hapleſs maid! —— He bleeds; her Connal dies. All the night long ſhe cries, and all the day, o Connal, my love, and my friend! With grief the ſad mourner dies.

Earth

Earth here incloſes the loveliest pair on the hill. The graſs grows between the ſtones of the tomb; I often ſit in the mournful ſhade. The wind ſighs through the graſs; their memory ruſhes on my mind. Undisturbed you now ſleep together; in the tomb of the mountain you reſt alone.

And ſoft be your reſt, ſaid Utha, children of ſtreamy Lora. I will remember you with tears, and my ſecret ſong ſhall riſe; when the wind is in the groves of Tora, and the ſtream is roaring near. Then ſhall ye come on my ſoul, with all your lovely grief.

Three days feaſted the kings; on the fourth their white ſails aroſe. The winds of the north carry the ſhip of Fingal to Morven's woody land. —— But the ſpirit of Loda ſat, in his cloud, behind the ſhips of Frothal. He hung forward with all his blaſts, and ſpread the white-boſomed ſails. —— The wounds of his form were not forgot; he ſtill feared *) the hand of the king.

*) The ſtory of Fingal and the ſpirit of Loda, ſuppoſed to be the famous Odin, is the moſt extrava-

gant fiction in all Offian's poems. It is not, however, without precedents in the beſt poets; and it muſt be ſaid for Offian, that he ſays nothing but what perfectly agreed with the notions of the times, concerning ghoſts. They thought, the ſouls of the dead were material, and conſequently ſusceptible of pain. Whether a proof could be drawn from this paſſage, that Offian had no notion of a divinity, I ſhall leave to others to determine: it appears, however, that he was of opinion, that ſuperior beings ought to take no notice of what paſſed among men.

THE SONGS OF SELMA *).

Star of the deſcending night! fair is thy light in the weſt! thou liſteſt thy unſhorn head from thy cloud: thy ſteps are ſtately on thy hill.

*) This poem fixes the antiquity of a cuſtom, which is well known to have prevailed afterwards, in the north of Scotland, and in Ireland. The bards, at an annual feaſt, provided by the king or chief, repeated their poems, and ſuch of them as were thought, by him, worthy of being preſerved, were careſully taught to their children, in order to have them transmitted to poſterity. —— It was one of thoſe occaſions that afforded the ſubject of the preſent poem to Oſſian. —— It is called, in the original, The Songs of Selma, which title it was thought proper to adopt in the tranſlation.

The poem is entirely lyric, and has great variety of verſification. The addreſs to the evening-ſtar, with which it opens, has, in the original, all the harmony, that numbers could give it; flow-

hill. What doſt thou behold in the plain? The ſtormy winds are laid. The murmur of the torrent comes from afar. Roaring waves climb the diſtant rock. The flies of evening are on their feeble wings, and the hum of their courſe is on the field. What doſt thou behold, fair light? But thou doſt ſmile and depart. The waves come with joy around thee, and bathe thy lovely hair. Farewel, thou ſilent beam! —— Let the light of Oſſian's ſoul ariſe.

And it does ariſe in its ſtrength! I behold my departed friends. Their gathering is on Lora, as in the days that are paſt. —— Fingal comes like a watry column of miſt; his heroes are around. And ſee the bards of the ſong, gray-haired Ullin; ſtately Ryno; Alpin *), with the tuneful voice, and the ſoft complaint of

ing down with all that tranquillity and ſoftneſs, which the ſcene deſcribed naturally inſpires. —— Three of the ſongs which are introduced in this piece, were publiſhed among the fragments of ancient poetry, printed laſt year.

*) Alpin is from the ſame root with Albion, or rather Albin, the ancient name of Britain; Alp, *high*, in

of Minona! —— How are ye changed, my friends, ſince the days of Selma's feaſt! when we contended, like the gales of the ſpring, that, flying over the hill, by turns bend the feebly-whiſtling graſs.

Minona then came forth in her beauty, with down-caſt look and tearful eye; her hair flew ſlowly on the blaſt, that ruſhed unfrequent from the hill. —— The ſouls of the heroes were ſad, when ſhe raiſed the tuneful voice; for often had they ſeen the grave of Salgar *), and the dark dwelling of white-boſomed Colma **). Colma left alone on the hill, with all her voice of muſic! Salgar promiſed to come: but the night deſcended round. —— Hear the voice of Colma, when ſhe ſat alone on the hill.

COLMA.

in *land*, or *country*. The preſent name of our iſland has its origin in the Celtic tongue; ſo that thoſe who derived it from any other, betrayed their ignorance of the ancient language of our country. —— *Britain* comes from *Breac't in*, *variegated iſland*, ſo called from the face of the country, from the natives painting themſelves, or from their party-coloured cloaths.

*) Sealg-'er, *a hunter.*

**) Col-maih, *a woman with fine hair.*

COLMA.

It is night; —— I am alone, forlorn on the hill of ſtorms. The wind is heard in the mountain. The torrent ſhrieks down the rock. No hut receives me from the rain; forlorn on the hill of winds.

Riſe, moon! from behind thy clouds; ſtars of the night, appear! Lead me, ſome light, to the place where my love reſts from the toil of the chace: his bow near him, unſtrung; his dogs panting around him. But here I muſt ſit alone, by the rock of the moſſy ſtream. The ſtream and the wind roar; nor can I hear the voice of my love.

Why delays my Salgar, why the ſon of the hill, his promiſe? Here is the rock, and the tree; and here the roaring ſtream. Thou didſt promiſe, with night to be here. Ah! whither is my Salgar gone? With thee I would fly, my father; with thee, my brother of pride! Our race have long been foes; but we are not foes, o Salgar!

Ceaſe a little while, o wind! ſtream, be thou ſilent a while, let my voice be heard over the heath; let my wanderer hear me. Salgar! it is I who call. Here is the tree, and the rock.

Salg-

Salgar, my love! I am here. Why delayeſt thou thy coming?

Lo! the moon appears. The flood is bright in the vale. The rocks are grey on the face of the hill. But I ſee him not on the brow; his dogs before him tell not, that he is coming. Here I muſt ſit alone.

But who are theſe that lie beyond me on the heath? Are they my love and my brother? —— Speak to me, o my friends! they anſwer not. My ſoul is tormented with fears. —— Ah! they are dead. Their ſwords are red from the fight. O my brother! my brother! why haſt thou ſlain my Salgar? why, o Salgar! haſt thou ſlain my brother? Dear were ye both to me! what ſhall I ſay in your praiſe? Thou wert fair on the hill among thouſands; he was terrible in fight. Speak to me; hear my voice, ſons of my love! But alas! they are ſilent; ſilent for ever! Cold are their breaſts of clay!

Oh! from the rock of the hill; from the top of the windy mountain, ſpeak ye ghoſts of the dead! ſpeak, I will not be afraid. —— Whither are ye gone to reſt? In what cave of the hill ſhall I find you? No feeble voice is on

the wind: no anſwer half-drowned in the ſtorms of the hill.

I ſit in my grief. I wait for morning in my tears. Rear the tomb, ye friends of the dead; but cloſe it not, till Colma come. My life flies away like a dream: why ſhould I ſtay behind? Here ſhall I reſt with my friends, by the ſtream of the ſounding rock. When night comes on the hill; when the wind is on the heath: my ghoſt ſhall ſtand in the wind, and mourn the death of my friends. The hunter ſhall hear from his booth. He ſhall fear, but love my voice. For ſweet ſhall my voice be for my friends; for pleaſant were they both to me.

Such was thy ſong, Minona ſoftly-bluſhing maid of Torman. Our tears deſcended for Colma, and our ſouls were ſad. —— Ullin came with the harp, and gave the ſong of Alpin. —— The voice of Alpin was pleaſant: the ſoul of Ryno was a beam of fire. But they had reſted in the narrow houſe: and their voice was not heard in Selma. Ullin had returned one day from the chace, before the heroes fell. He heard their ſtrife on the hill; their ſong was ſoft, but ſad. They mourned the fall of Morar, firſt of mortal men. His ſoul was like

the

the ſoul of Fingal; his ſword like the ſword of Oſcar. —— But he fell, and his father mourned: his ſiſter's eyes were full of tears. — Minona's eyes were full of tears, the ſiſter of car-borne Morar. She retired from the ſong of Ullin, like the moon in the weſt, when ſhe foreſees the ſhower, and hides her fair head in a cloud. —— I touched the harp, with Ullin; the ſong of mourning roſe.

RYNO.

The wind and the rain are over: calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven. Over the green hills flies the inconſtant ſun. Red through the ſtony vale comes down the ſtream! but more ſweet is the voice I hear. It is the voice of Alpin, the ſon of ſong, mourning for the dead. Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye. Alpin, thou ſon of ſong, why alone on the ſilent hill? why complaineſt thou, as a blaſt in the wood; as a wave on the lonely ſhore?

ALPIN.

My tears, o Ryno! are for the dead; my voice, for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the ſons of the plain. But thou ſhalt fall like Morar *); and

*) Mór-ér, *great man.*

and the mourner ſhall ſit on thy tomb. The hills ſhall know thee no more; thy bow ſhall lie in the hall, unſtrung.

Thou wert ſwift, o Morar! as a roe on the hill; terrible as a meteor of fire. Thy wrath was as the ſtorm. Thy ſword in battle, as lightning in the field. Thy voice was like a ſtream after rain; like thunder on diſtant hills. Many fell by thy arm: they were conſumed in the flames of thy wrath.

But when thou didſt return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the ſun after rain; like the moon in the ſilence of night; calm as the breaſt of the lake, when the loud wind is laid.

Narrow is thy dwelling now; dark the place of thine abode. With three ſteps I compaſs thy grave, o thou who waſt ſo great before! Four ſtones, with their heads of moſs, are the only memorial of thee. A tree with ſcarce a leaf, long graſs which whiſtles in the wind, mark to the hunter's eye the grave of the mighty Morar. Morar! thou art low indeed. Thou haſt no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love. Dead is ſhe that brought thee forth. Fallen is the daughter of Morglan.

Who

Who on his ſtaff is this? who is this, whoſe head is white with age, whoſe eyes are red with tears, who quakes at every ſtep? —— It is thy father *), o Morar! the father of no ſon but thee. He heard of thy fame in battle; he heard of foes diſperſed. He heard of Morar's fame: why did he not hear of his wound? Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy ſon hears thee not. Deep is the ſleep of the dead; low their pillow of duſt. No more ſhall he hear thy voice; no more ſhall he awake at thy call. When ſhall it be morn in the grave, to bid the ſlumberer awake?

Farewel, thou braveſt of men! thou conqueror in the field! but the field ſhall ſee thee no more; nor the dark wood be lightened with the ſplendor of thy ſteel. Thou haſt left no ſon. But the ſong ſhall preſerve thy name. Future times ſhall hear of thee; they ſhall hear of the fallen Morar.

The grief of all aroſe, but moſt the burſting ſigh of Armin **). He remembers the death

*) Torman, the ſon of Carthul, lord of I-mora, one of the weſtern iſles.

**) Armin, *a hero.* He was chief or petty king of Corma, i. e. *the blue iſland*, ſuppoſed to be one of the Hebrides.

death of his ſon, who fell in the days of his youth. Carmor *) was near the hero, the chief of the ecchoing Galmal. Why burſts the ſigh of Armin? he ſaid. Is there a cauſe to mourn? The ſong comes, with its muſic, to melt and pleaſe the ſoul. It is like ſoft miſt, that, riſing from a lake, pours on the ſilent vale; the green flowers are filled with dew, but the ſun returns in his ſtrength, and the miſt is gone. Why art thou ſad, o Armin, chief of ſea-ſurrounded Gorma?

Sad! I am indeed: nor ſmall my cauſe of woe! —— Carmor, thou haſt loſt no ſon; thou haſt loſt no daughter of beauty. Colgar the valiant lives; and Annira faireſt maid. The boughs of thy family flouriſh, o Carmor! but Armin is the laſt of his race. Dark is thy bed, o Daura! and deep thy ſleep in the tomb. —— When ſhalt thou awake with thy ſongs? with all thy voice of muſic?

Riſe, winds of autumn, riſe; blow upon the dark heath! ſtreams of the mountains, roar! howl, ye tempeſts, in the top of the oak! walk through broken clouds, o moon! ſhow by intervals thy pale face! bring to my mind that

*) Cear-mór, *a tall dark-complexioned man.*

that ſad night, when all my children fell; when Arindal the mighty fell; when Daura the lovely failed.

Daura, my daughter! thou wert fair; fair as the moon on the hills of Fura *); white as the driven ſnow; ſweet as the breathing gale. Arindal, thy bow was ſtrong, thy ſpear was ſwift in the field: thy look was like miſt on the wave; thy ſhield, a red cloud in a ſtorm. Armar, renowned in war, came, and ſought Daura's love; he was not long denied; fair was the hope of their friends.

Erath, ſon of Odgal, repined; for his brother was ſlain by Armar. He came disguiſed like a ſon of the ſea: fair was his ſkiff on the wave; white his locks of age; calm his ſerious brow. Faireſt of women, he ſaid, lovely daughter of Armin! a rock not diſtant in the ſea, bears a tree on its ſide; red ſhines the fruit afar. There Armar waits for Daura. I came to carry his love along the rolling ſea.

She went; and ſhe called on Armar. Nought anſwered, but the ſon **) of the rock. Armar,

*) Fruar-a, *cold iſland.*

**) By *the ſon of the rock* the poet means the ecchoing-back of the human voice from a rock. The vulgar

Armar, my love! my love! why tormenteſt thou me with fear? hear, ſon of Ardnart, hear: it is Daura who calls thee! Erath the traitor fled laughing to the land. She lifted up her voice, and cried for her brother and her father. Arindal! Armin! none to relieve your Daura.

Her voice came over the ſea. Arindal my ſon deſcended from the hill; rough in the ſpoils of the chace. His arrows rattled by his ſide; his bow was in his hand; five dark gray dogs attended his ſteps. He ſaw fierce Erath on the ſhore: he ſeized and bound him to an oak. Thick bend the thongs *) of the hide around his limbs; he loads the wind with his groans.

Arindal aſcends the wave in his boat, to bring Daura to land. Armar came in his wrath, and let fly the gray-feathered ſhaft. It ſunk; it ſunk in thy heart, o Arindal my ſon! for Erath the

vulgar were of opinion, that this repetition of ſound was made by a ſpirit within the rock; and they, on that account, called it *mac-talla; the ſon who dwells in the rock.*

*) The poet here only means, that Erath was bound with leathern thongs.

the traitor thou diedſt. The oar is ſtopped at once; he panted on the rock and exſpired. What is thy grief, o Daura, when round thy feet is poured thy brother's blood.

The boat is broken in twain by the waves. Armar plunges into the ſea, to reſcue his Daura, or die. Sudden a blaſt from the hill comes over the waves. He ſunk, and he roſe no more.

Alone, on the ſea-beat rock, my daughter was heard to complain. Frequent and loud were her cries; nor could her father relieve her. All night I ſtood on the ſhore. I ſaw her by the faint beam of the moon. All night I heard her cries. Loud was the wind; and the rain beat hard on the ſide of the mountain. Before morning appeared, her voice was weak. It died away, like the evening-breeze among the graſs of the rocks. Spent with grief ſhe exſpired. And left thee Armin alone: gone is my ſtrength in the war, and fallen my pride among women.

When the ſtorms of the mountain come; when the north lifts the waves on high: I ſit by the ſounding ſhore, and look on the fatal rock. Often by the ſetting moon I ſee the ghoſts of my children. Half-viewleſs, they walk in mournful conference together. Will none of you ſpeak in

pity? They do not regard their father. I am ſad, o Carmor, nor ſmall my cauſe of woe!

Such were the words of the bards in the days of ſong; when the king heard the muſic of harps, and the tales of other times. The chiefs gathered from all their hills, and heard the lovely ſound. They praiſed the voice *) of Cona! the firſt among a thouſand bards. But age is now on my tongue; and my ſoul has failed. I hear, ſometimes, the ghoſts of bards, and learn their pleaſant ſong. But memory fails in my mind; I hear the call of years. They ſay, as they paſs along, why does Oſſian ſing? Soon ſhall he lie in the narrow houſe, and no bard ſhall raiſe his fame.

Roll on, ye dark-brown years, for ye bring no joy on your courſe. Let the tomb open to Oſſian, for his ſtrength has failed. The ſons of ſong are gone to reſt: my voice remains, like a blaſt, that roars, lonely, on a ſea-ſurrounded rock, after the winds are laid. The dark moſs whiſtles there, and the diſtant mariner ſees the waving trees.

*) Oſſian is ſometimes poetically called *the voice of Cona.*

CAL-

CALTHON AND COLMAL:

A POEM *).

Pleaſant is the voice of thy ſong, thou lonely dweller of the rock. It comes on the ſound of the ſtream, along the narrow vale. My ſoul awakes, o ſtranger! in the midſt of my hall. I ſtretch my hand to the ſpear, as in

*) This piece, as many more of Oſſian's compoſitions, is addreſſed to one of the firſt Chriſtian miſſionaries. —— The ſtory of the poem is handed down, by tradition, thus —— In the country of the Britons between the walls, two chiefs lived in the days of Fingal, Dunthalmo, lord of Teutha, ſuppoſed to be the Tweed; and Rathmor, who dwelt at Clutha, well known to be the river Clyde. —— Rathmor was not more renowned for his generoſity and hoſpitality, than Dunthalmo was infamous for his cruelty and ambition. —— Dunthalmo, through envy, or on account of ſome private feuds, which ſubſiſted between the families, murdered Rathmor at a feaſt; but being afterwards touched with remorſe,

in the days of other years. —— I ſtretch my hand, but it is feeble; and the ſigh of my boſom grows. —— Wilt thou not liſten, ſon of the rock, to the ſong of Oſſian? My ſoul is full of other times; the joy of my youth returns. Thus the ſun *) appears in the weſt, after

morſe, he educated the two ſons of Rathmor, Calthon and Colmar, in his own houſe. —— They growing up to man's eſtate, dropped ſome hints, that they intended to revenge the death of their father, upon which Dunthalmo ſhut them up in two caves on the banks of Teutha, intending to take them off privately. —— Colmal, the daughter of Dunthalmo, who was ſecretly in love with Calthon, helped him to make his eſcape from priſon, and fled with him to Fingal, diſguiſed in the habit of a young warrior, and implored his aid againſt Dunthalmo. —— Fingal ſent Oſſian with three hundred men, to Colmar's relief, —— Dunthalmo having previously murdered Colmar, came to a battle with Oſſian: but he was killed by that hero, and his army totally defeated.

Calthon married Colmal, his deliverer; and Oſſian returned to Morven.

*) If chance the radiant ſun with farewel ſweet
Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,

The

after the ſteps of his brightneſs have moved behind a ſtorm; the green hills lift their dewy heads: the blue ſtreams rejoice in the vale. The aged hero comes forth on his ſtaff, and his grey hair glitters in the beam.

Doſt thou not behold, ſon of the rock, a ſhield in Oſſian's hall? It is marked with the ſtrokes of battle; and the brightneſs of its boſſes has failed. That ſhield the great Dunthalmo bore, the chief of ſtreamy Teutha. —— Dunthalmo bore it in battle, before he fell by Oſſian's ſpear. Liſten, ſon of the rock, to the tale of other years. ——

Rath-

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.

MILTON.

— Their fair ſun-ſhine in ſummer's day;
— When a dreadful ſtorm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth ſpread his goodly tay;
At ſight whereof each bird that ſits on ſpray,
And every beaſt that to his den was fled,
Come forth afreſh out of their late diſmay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.

SPENCER.

Rathmor was a chief of Clutha. The feeble dwelt in his hall. The gates of Rathmor were never cloſed; his feaſt was always ſpread. The ſons of the ſtranger came, and bleſſed the generous chief of Clutha. Bards raiſed the ſong, and touched the harp: and joy brightened on the face of the mournful. —— Dunthalmo came, in his pride, and ruſhed into the combat of Rathmor. The chief of Clutha overcame: the rage of Dunthalmo roſe. —— He came, by night, with his warriors; and the mighty Rathmor fell. He fell in his halls, where his feaſt was often ſpread for ſtrangers. ——

Colmar and Calthon were young, the ſons of ear-borne Rathmor. They came, in the joy of youth, into their father's hall. They behold him in his blood, and their burſting tears deſcend. —— The ſoul of Dunthalmo melted, when he ſaw the children of youth; he brought them to Alteutha's *) walls; they grew in the houſe of their foe. — They bent

*) Al-teutha, or rather Balteutha, *the town of Tweed*, the name of Dunthalmo's ſeat. It is obſervable, that all the names, in this poem, are derived from the Galic language; which, as I have remarked in a preceding note, is a proof that it was once the univerſal language of the whole iſland.

bent the bow in his preſence; and came forth to his battles.

They ſaw the fallen walls of their fathers; they ſaw the green thorn in the hall. Their tears deſcended in ſecret; and, at times, their faces were mournful. Dunthalmo beheld their grief: his darkening ſoul deſigned their death. He cloſed them in two caves, on the ecchoing banks of Teutha. The ſun did not come there with his beams; nor the moon of heaven by night. The ſons of Rathmor remained in darkneſs, and foreſaw their death.

The daughter of Dunthalmo wept in ſilence, the fair-haired, blue-eyed Colmal *). Her eye had rolled in ſecret on Calthon; his lovelineſs ſwelled in her ſoul. She trembled for her warrior; but what could Colmal do? Her arm could not lift the ſpear; nor was the ſword formed for her ſide. Her white breaſt never roſe beneath a mail. Neither was her eye the terror of heroes. What canſt thou do, o Colmal! for the falling chief? —— Her ſteps

*) Caol-mhal, *a woman with ſmall eye-brows*; ſmall eye-brows were a diſtinguiſhing part of beauty in Oſſian's time: and he ſeldom fails to give them to the fine women of his poems.

ſteps are unequal; her hair is looſe: her eye looks wildly through her tears. —— She came, by night, to the hall *); and armed her lovely form in ſteel; the ſteel of a young warrior, who fell in the firſt of his battles. —— She came to the cave of Calthon, and looſed the thong from his hands.

Ariſe, ſon of Rathmor, ſhe ſaid, ariſe, the night is dark. Let us fly to the king of Selma **), chief of fallen Clutha! I am the ſon of Lamgal, who dwelt in thy father's hall. I heard of thy dark dwelling in the cave, and my ſoul aroſe. Ariſe, ſon of Rathmor: for the night is dark. ——.

Bleſt voice! replied the chief, comeſt thou from the darkly-rolling cloud? for often the ghoſts of his fathers deſcend to Calthon's dreams, ſince the ſun has retired from his eyes, and

*) That is, the hall where the arms taken from enemies were hung up as trophies. Oſſian is very careful to make his ſtories probable; for he makes Colmal put on the arms of a youth killed in his firſt battle, as more proper for a young woman, who cannot be ſuppoſed ſtrong enough to carry the armour of a fullgrown warrior.

**) Fingal.

and darkneſs has dwelt around him. Or art thou the ſon of Lamgal, the chief I often ſaw in Clutha? But ſhall I fly to Fingal, and Colmar my brother low? Shall I fly to Morven, and the hero cloſed in night? No: give me that ſpear, ſon of Lamgal, Calthon will defend his brother.

A thouſand warriors, replied the maid, ſtretch their ſpears round car-borne Colmar. What can Calthon do againſt a hoſt ſo great? Let us fly to the king of Morven, he will come with battle. His arm is ſtretched forth to the unhappy; the lightning of his ſword is round the weak. —— Ariſe, thou ſon of Rathmor; the ſhades of night will fly away. Dunthalmo will behold thy ſteps on the field, and thou muſt fall in thy youth.

The ſighing hero roſe; his tears deſcend for car-borne Colmar. He came with the maid to Selma's hall; but he knew not, that it was Colmal. The helmet cover'd her lovely face; and her breaſt roſe beneath the ſteel. Fingal returned from the chace, and found the lovely ſtrangers. They were like two beams of light, in the midſt of the hall.

The king heard the tale of grief; and turned his eyes around. A thouſand heroes half-

roſe before him; claiming the war of Teutha. — I came with my ſpear from the hill, and the joy of battle roſe in my breaſt: for the king ſpoke to Oſſian in the midſt of the people.

Son of my ſtrength, he ſaid, take the ſpear of Fingal; go to Teutha's mighty ſtream, and ſave the car-borne Colmar. —— Let thy fame return before thee like a pleaſant gale; that my ſoul may rejoice over my ſon; who renews the renown of our fathers. —— Oſſian! be thou a ſtorm in battle; but mild when the foes are low! —— It was thus my fame aroſe, o my ſon; and be thou like Selma's chief. — When the haughty come to my halls, my eyes behold them not. But my arm is ſtretched forth to the unhappy. My ſword defends the weak.

I rejoiced in the words of the king: and took my rattling arms. —— Diaran *) roſe at my ſide: and Dargo **) king of ſpears. —— Three hundred youths followed our ſteps: the lovely ſtrangers were at my ſide. Dunthalmo heard

*) Diaran, father of that Connal, who was unfortunately killed by Crimora, his miſtreſs.

**) Dargo, the ſon of Callath, is celebrated in other poems by Oſſian. He is ſaid to have been killed by a boar at a hunting-party. The lamentation

heard the ſound of our approach; he gathered the ſtrength of Teutha. —— He ſtood on a hill with his hoſt; they were like rocks broken with thunder, when their bent trees are ſinged and

tation of his miſtreſs, or wife, Mingala, over his body, is extant; but whether it is of Oſſian's compoſition, I cannot determine. It is generally aſcribed to him, and has much of his manner; but ſome traditions mention it as an imitation by ſome later bard. —— As it has ſome poetical merit, I have ſubjoined it.

The ſpouſe of Dargo came in tears: for Dargo was no more! The heroes ſigh over Lartho's chief: and what ſhall ſad Mingala do? The dark ſoul vaniſhed like morning-miſt, before the king of ſpears; but the generous glowed in his preſence like the morning-ſtar.

Who was the faireſt and moſt lovely? Who but Collath's ſtately ſon? Who ſat in the midſt of the wiſe, but Dargo of the mighty deeds?

Thy hand touched the trembling harp: Thy voice was ſoft as ſummer-winds. —— Ah me! what ſhall the heroes ſay? for Dargo fell before a boar. Pale is the lovely cheek; the look of which was firm in danger! —— Why haſt thou failed on our hills, thou fairer than the beams of the ſun?

The

and bare, and the ſtreams of their chinks have failed.

The ſtream of Teutha rolled, in its pride, before the gloomy foe. I ſent a bard to Dunthalmo, to offer the combat on the plain; but he ſmiled in the darkneſs of his pride. —— His unſettled hoſt moved on the hill; like the mountain-cloud, when the blaſt has entered its womb, and ſcatters the curling gloom on every ſide.

The brought Colmar to Teutha's bank, bound with a thouſand thongs. The chief is ſad, but lovely, and his eye is on his friends; for we ſtood, in our arms, on the oppoſite bank

The daughter of Adonſion was lovely in the eyes of the valiant; ſhe was lovely in their eyes: but ſhe choſe to be the ſpouſe of Dargo.

But thou art alone, Mingala! the night is coming with its clouds; where is the bed of thy repoſe? Where but in the tomb of Dargo?

Why doſt thou lift the ſtone, o bard! why doſt thou ſhut the narrow houſe? Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard! She muſt ſleep with Dargo.

Laſt night I heard the ſong of joy in Lartho's lofty hall. But ſilence now dwells around my bed. Mingala reſts with Dargo.

bank of Teutha. Dunthalmo came with his ſpear, and pierced the hero's ſide: he rolled on the bank in his blood, and we heard his broken ſighs.

Calthon ruſhed into the ſtream: I bounded forward on my ſpear. Teutha's race fell before us. Night came rolling down. Dunthalmo reſted on a rock, amidſt an aged wood. The rage of his boſom burned againſt the car-borne Calthon. —— But Calthon ſtood in his grief; he mourned the fallen Colmar; Colmar ſlain in youth, before his fame aroſe.

I bade the ſong of woe to riſe, to ſooth the mournful chief; but he ſtood beneath a tree, and often threw his ſpear on earth. —— The humid eye of Colmal rolled near in a ſecret tear: ſhe foreſaw the fall of Dunthalmo, or of Clutha's battling chief.

Now half the night had paſſed away. Silence and darkneſs were on the field; ſleep reſted on the eyes of the heroes: Calthon's ſettling ſoul was ſtill. His eyes were half-cloſed; but the murmur of Teutha had not yet failed in his ear.

Sleeps

Sleeps the ſon of Rathmor in his might, and his brother low? Did we not riſe to the chace together, and purſue the dark-brown hinds? Colmar was not forgot till he fell; till death had blaſted his youth. I lie pale beneath the rock of Lona. O let Calthon riſe! the morning comes with its beams; and Dunthalmo will diſhonour the fallen.

He paſſed away in his blaſt. The riſing Calthon ſaw the ſteps of his departure -- He ruſhed in the ſound of his ſteel; and unhappy Colmal roſe. She followed her hero through night, and dragged her ſpear behind. —— But when Calthon came to Lona's rock, he found his fallen brother. —— The rage of his boſom roſe, and he ruſhed among the foe. The groans of death aſcend. They cloſe around the chief. —— He is bound in the midſt, and brought to gloomy Dunthalmo. —— The ſhout of joy aroſe; and the hills of night replied. —

I ſtarted at the ſound: and took my father's ſpear. Diaran roſe at my ſide; and the youthful ſtrength of Dargo. We miſſed the chief of Clutha, and our ſouls were ſad. —— I dreaded the departure of my fame; the pride of my valour roſe.

Sons

Sons of Morven, I ſaid, it is not thus our fathers fought. They reſted not on the field of ſtrangers, when the foe did not fall before them. —— Their ſtrength was like the eagles of heaven; their renown is in the ſong. But our people fall by degrees, and our fame begins to depart. —— What ſhall the king of Morven ſay, if Oſſian conquers not at Teutha? Riſe in your ſteel, ye warriors, and follow the ſound of Oſſian's courſe. He will not return, but renowned, to the ecchoing walls of Selma.

Morning roſe on the blue waters of Teutha; Colmal ſtood before me in tears. She told of the chief of Clutha: and thrice the ſpear fell from her hand. My wrath turned againſt the ſtranger; for my ſoul trembled for Calthon.

Son of the feeble hand, I ſaid, do Teutha's warriors fight with tears? The battle is not won with grief; nor dwells the ſigh in the ſoul of war. —— Go to the deer of Carmun, or the lowing herds of Teutha. —— But leave theſe arms, thou ſon of fear; a warrior may lift them in battle. ——

I tore the mail from her ſhoulders. Her ſnowy breaſt appeared. She bent her red face to the ground. —— I looked in ſilence to the chiefs.

chiefs. The ſpear fell from my hand; and the ſigh of my boſom roſe. —— But when I heard the name of the maid, my crowding tears deſcended. I bleſſed the lovely beam of youth, and bade the battle move.

Why, ſon of the rock, ſhould Oſſian tell, how Teutha's warriors died? They are now forgot in their land; and their tombs are not found on the heath. —— Years came on with their tempeſts; and the green mounds mouldered away. —— Scarce is the grave of Dunthalmo ſeen, or the place where he fell by the ſpear of Oſſian. —— Some gray warrior, half-blind with age, ſitting by night at the flaming oak of the hall, tells now my actions to his ſons, and the fall of the dark Dunthalmo. The faces of youth bend ſide-long towards his voice; ſurprize and joy burn in their eyes. ——

I found the ſon *) of Rathmor bound to an oak; my ſword cut the thongs from his hands. —— And I gave him the white-boſomed Colmal. —— They dwelt in the halls of Teutha; and Oſſian returned to Selma.

*) Calthon.

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FINIS.